School of Theology at Claremont
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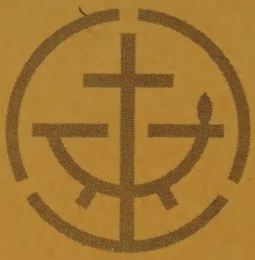
NORA EVELYN KELLOGG



Theology Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

From the library of

FRANK ARGELANDER

MISS KELLOGG
at the time of her graduation from Wheaton College

Nora Evelyn Kellogg

BV
3427
K4
P4

A MEMORIAL

With the Compliments of

Edward C. Perkins

Water of Life Hospital Kiukiang, Ki, China

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"

BV
3427
K4
P4

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FOREWORD

MISS KELLOGG was the last person to invite publicity of any kind; indeed, she shrank even from due recognition. The friends responsible for this little memorial are fully aware of this, and yet covet for others some of the help and inspiration that has come to their own lives through knowing her.

May these pages help to interpret to those who read them, the love of the Master to Whom she gave her all.

EDWARD C. PERKINS, M.D.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

—*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

ARRANGEMENT

The most important part of this little memoir consists in the extracts from Miss Kellogg's own letters.

Her short life falls rather naturally into several divisions, as hereafter noted, and the letters belonging to each period will be found following the appropriate biographical paragraphs.

The choice of these letter extracts was by no means easy, since there was a considerable correspondence available. It will be noted that most of them were addressed to H. S. This dearly beloved friend was a girl of Miss Kellogg's own age and, like herself, spiritually minded, and one to whom Miss Kellogg wrote fully and freely. Following the line of this correspondence has seemed to be a rather natural and adequate setting forth of what most readers would wish to know of Miss Kellogg's experiences, both outward and inward. We are deeply indebted to H. S. for her willingness to share with others these messages of interest and inspiration.

To those who appreciate how manifold were Miss Kellogg's labors, it is not surprising that she did not have time to read her letters over after they were written. The only wonder is that she found time for the many letters she wrote. Even when composing and writing with great rapidity, her messages were astonishingly flawless, and they are here reproduced virtually without correction.

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I

LIFE'S START

NORA EVELYN KELLOGG was the youngest of a family of eleven children. Born December 14, 1893, she was not a year old when the Kelloggs' home was burned down, and her father so seriously injured that he died three days later. At the time of his death there were nine living children.

Very few mothers would have had the courage to try to hold together so large a family with very limited resources, but two supreme motives were present in the mother's heart. One was her deep love for every one of the children, and the other was her still deeper trust in the Heavenly Father. Looking back from this present date, the mother herself, and friends of the family, can scarcely understand how so great an enterprise was achieved, except as it is explained by Divine aid. As opportunity offered, this courageous mother gave her time and energies in going out to nurse the sick, an occupation which three of her daughters subsequently made their life profession.

In spite of the ceaseless activity which characterized the family life, in which all the members were contributing something to help along, the group gathered twice a day, both morning and evening, for family devotions. Miss Kellogg said long afterwards that the happiest time in the day was when, with the consciousness of work done, the family gathered with their

Bibles for evening worship. As the family was a musical one, these meetings were always brightened with song. Every Sunday afternoon there was a much longer family gathering, with the recitation of verses or longer Bible passages, and singing and prayer, and this was one of the delights of the week.

Mrs. Kellogg herself taught each of her children to read when they became old enough, beginning with the Psalms and going on to Proverbs, and when the children could read both these books, each in turn was presented with a Bible of his or her own.

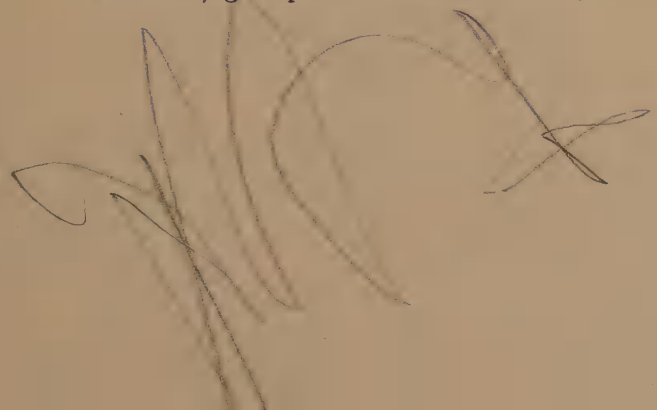
Nora never knew the time when she was not a Christian, and she was considered ready for church membership at the age of eight, when she and her sister Gertrude, who was two years older, were admitted together. As might be expected from such an atmosphere, the thought of missionary work was no strange idea. Her oldest sister, Elizabeth, who died at the age of thirty-seven, wanted to go to China as a missionary nurse, but was prevented by ill health. Her desire, and dream of life's usefulness was later fulfilled in the career of the two sisters, Nora and Gertrude; and the father, who was a minister of the Gospel and the editor of the Christian Cynosure at the time of his death, had also hoped to be a missionary to China.

Miss Kellogg's early home life was the kind out of which have come the greater part of earth's leaders in Christian service.

Those who feel that the necessity for the most exact —the most rigid—economy is nothing but a calamity to any family, have failed to realize the general truth that "all things work together for good to them that

love the Lord," and also that the limitation of family resources brings with it a number of blessings which many other family groups do not know. More natural and less artificial pleasures are the order of the day, and the fact that it is not easy for the family to scatter, seeking pleasures away from home, makes a more united family circle. Lessons of discipline and self-control, and the constant necessity for generosity and self-sacrifice for the other members of the group, bring with them a development of character which promises far more of blessing and success in future life than where the home is one of abundance. The love of flowers, which was always one of the greatest sources of joy to Miss Kellogg, doubtless had its origin in the fact that each child of that household was given a little plot of ground beside their house to cultivate according to his or her taste. Further than this, a home of this kind fosters ingenuity and the ability to adapt things to necessary uses, a faculty which has contributed no small part to the success of the pioneers of the Kingdom.

With the religious life begun so early and so naturally and so happily, it is not surprising that one may record that the seven surviving brothers and sisters of that family group are Christians to-day.



II

SCHOOL DAYS

TOGETHER with the strongly religious atmosphere of the Kellogg family, there was an almost equal eagerness for education, and every boy and girl in the family, save one, secured a collège education, such a privilege being in part, at least, the result of each one's readiness in self-help. The only one who did not graduate from college was an older son, who chose banking as a profession, and felt that going directly into the practical work of the bank would make him more proficient than would a college education.

Miss Kellogg, like her brothers and sisters, was taught by her mother, beginning at the age of three with the reading of the book of Psalms. At five she started going to the public school and went through five grades in four years. After that her mother taught her at home for five years, and one is tempted at this point to pause and realize, in the light of future educational attainment, that these five years must have had very much of blessing put into them, as well as of educational skill. At their close Miss Kellogg went to the Wheaton Academy, and on graduating took first rank in her class, which gave her the scholarship in Wheaton College covering Freshman year.

At the close of her Freshman year, and throughout her college course she maintained this rank, so earning her scholarship to the end. As a senior she not only

held first place, but obtained the necessary credits for graduation and completed the year in six months.

During her course she met the incidental expenses of college life by tutoring in several subjects. One semester she tutored two Chinese students in geometry.

The Kellogg family had been for years intimately connected with Wheaton College, which, from its start, was a college with a sincerely religious atmosphere. One who visits it to-day is impressed by the happy and natural spirit which should go with, and does go with, a genuinely religious college life. Miss Kellogg's grandfather, Jonathan Blanchard, was President from 1860 to 1882, and when he resigned, the presidency went to his son Charles, who, like his father, held with honor this important position for forty-three years until his death in 1925.

Miss Kellogg's love for literature was shown early in her college course. Dr. Elsie S. Dow, who was her professor in English, bears witness to her proficiency in the literature courses she took under her, and this love of books, despite the most exacting and strenuous work later on in China, when every instant seemed to be more than occupied, was both a resource and a delight. She took pains while in the Far East, amid very different surroundings, to keep her mind fresh and stimulated by continuing to do general reading, which included history, biography, and religious books. During the eleven years of her foreign service, aside from books that she gave away to friends on the field, she sent home some two hundred or more volumes which she had read there, and this delight in literature extended to poetry as well as to prose, it being her habit

from her earliest years, to commit poetry to memory, so that her mind was stored with some of the best of English and American verse.

Her talent for languages, which became so evident in China, had received its start long before. Miss Harriet G. Blaine, who was her professor of Greek and Latin in college, says she never heard from any other student such correct and musical rendering of Virgil's poetry as Miss Kellogg gave. While in college she studied and attained proficiency in four languages.

A love of Bible study was one of the outstanding features of Miss Kellogg's life. To her the Bible was a source of inspiration and guidance, of intellectual interest, and not alone this, but it gave her the most genuine and ceaseless joy.

How much this study had been a part of every day's activity became evident when Miss Kellogg took courses in Bible study at Wheaton College. She was already well fitted to profit by them. Dr. D. A. Straw says that the very best notebooks in his four-year course in this subject that he ever received from any student, were handed in by her.

This love for Bible reading and study, which began when she was very young, was always most contagious to others. When she was quite small her mother noticed that two little girls of a neighbor were getting into the habit of coming to the house to see her on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Kellogg was at first concerned for fear that Sunday afternoon might become just a time of visiting and of playing, but when she asked about the visits of these two little friends, she found that they were coming with much joy of heart

to read the Bible with her daughter. Both of these girls became Christians and were the forerunners of countless others who enjoyed with Miss Kellogg the Bible, and her joyful and intellectually and spiritually discerning interpretation of it. This attracting of others to her own attitude lasted throughout her life.

Letter Extracts

Wheaton, Ill., August 17, 1915.

To H. S.:

I am tutoring a boy in Cicero's Orations, who hopes to pass the entrance examinations to Yale in a few weeks. I go over to the college six mornings in the week to work with him. He lives in a wealthy home out west of town, past the Chicago golf grounds, and comes to school in a big auto. I am very anxious that he succeed in his work, but I long more to help him in more important things than his lessons, and will you pray for him, H. dear, that he may come to a saving faith in Jesus, and for me that I may not disappoint or hinder God in His will for him.

In the Library (written on her friend's birthday).

To H. S.:

I have wished that I could give you something that would tell you more effectively than words can, how much it means to me to have you for a friend—perhaps some time it will be possible—but till then the words will have to do. I think one of the sweetest ways God sends His love to me is through the love of dear ones like you, and many times I thank Him for you. Your new year—I hope it will be filled for you with new and rich experiences of love and grace, with blessings beyond hope or thought, with blessings which no word can find.

Wheaton, Ill., July 1, 1916.

To H. S.:

There is a medical missionary from China, Dr. S., who is coming with his family to live in the upper half of my sister's house. He's been out three days this week getting ready and has taken his meals with us. It certainly has been a great pleasure as well as privilege to have him in our home. He's told us so much of interest about his work. Some of it was quite terrible. Mrs. S. is a lovely woman. . . .

Last Sunday was observed by many in our church as a day of fasting. We were taking a special offering for the relief of the Armenians and it had been suggested that we go without our dinner and give the price of it for others who were starving. They had prayer meeting from after Sunday school till 3 o'clock. We all, Mother, S. and I, stayed over for it. It was such a good meeting. They prayed for our own country as well as for the suffering people in other lands. . . .

I must be stopping for it's late and I shall want to be up rather early tomorrow morning for it is communion service at church and besides I have an alto solo in the anthem, "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" and I want to be ready to sing, if it's possible, so that it will be helpful, and not just so much sound.

Wheaton, Ill., August 29, 1916.

To H. S.:

I'd rather have you watching with me the white clouds in the blue, blue sky and the fat robins sitting in the apple tree by my window and see the tiny goldfinches eating sunflower seeds. These are my wealth. No, they are only a fragment of it. I must be thankful every minute for a happy heart and strength, and lots to do, and love, God's

and yours, so rich and beautiful that I can not understand it and do not want to try to even.

H. dear, you spoke in your last letter of things that were making you unhappy. . . . I wish I could give you the peace and happiness that fills my own heart this morning. It's not because I am having an easy time, that I have them, either, for in many ways I'm decidedly not. It's only because of Jesus. Somehow He has helped me learn to trust Him more these days, and I know He is helping you, too. Really I am almost thankful for the hard things that have only made Him more precious.

Wheaton, Ill., June 22, 1917.

To H. S.:

Mother was in Chicago, at the F. W. Hospital, on Wednesday and she brought an application blank for me from the Superintendent. We've had fun over the way I have answered the questions. I'll have to go down and get Dr. R. to vaccinate me and write a certificate of my good health, also I'll have to get Pastor B. to write one for my morals.

Yesterday afternoon G. came out for a few hours. She brought me another picture, a present from my Aunty and cousin in K. It's L. W. Taylor's picture illustrating Gen. 24: 61-67, the coming of Rebekah to Isaac. If you've seen it you'll know how beautiful it is, the soft colors and Rebekah's lovely face. I thought I was about as rich as a girl could be when I had my one wonderful picture from you, but now to have another—I'll have to be good, won't I?

Wheaton, Ill., July, 1917 (?).

To H. S.:

My heart is very, very full tonight with sympathy and love and prayer for you. There would be anxiety, too, did

I not believe that this that has come, in some way that God sees when we cannot, is one of the "all things" that are working together—were I not very sure that nothing can separate you from that love that passeth knowledge, and that underneath and round about you are the everlasting arms.

I could say much to you, yet I hesitate to, for I know the Father is talking to you with His own infinite tenderness and comfort and besides, your nobleness in decision tonight has shown me so much more of your strength and trueness to what is highest and best that I confess I am awed by it. Let me say this, though, H., God only can know how very deeply and sincerely I prize your beautiful trust in me. With His help, I will never do, say, or think, anything to betray this sacred confidence or make you regret that you gave it to me.

Dear heart, if we could somehow see ahead and know what things God's love is planning, what blessings beyond our hope or thought He longs to give us, if we are willing to keep fellowship with Jesus, even though it must be "the fellowship of His sufferings"—dear, we can't see ahead, but we can trust that Love divine, can't we?

III

AT THE FRANCES WILLARD HOSPITAL

IN the fall of 1917, which was the year that she graduated from Wheaton College, Miss Kellogg entered nurses' training at the Frances Willard Hospital in Chicago. Devotion to duty and thoughtfulness for the patients, and an outgoing attitude toward the other pupil nurses, characterized her from the start. There was a little group who, even during the busy days of nurses' training, could meet sometimes in the evening for prayer in her room. With regard to her scholarship in the studies of the course, it was just as it had been in the Academy and at Wheaton College. The doctors said that it would be an insult to give her an examination. She did take the examinations, however, in order to determine her standing.

At this time her handwriting, which had always been neat and clear, took a permanent form and ever after, her penmanship closely resembled the writer herself, for it was always the same. Even in the stress of sickness, or when pressed for time, there is scarcely any deviation from its exactness and legibility.

Without question, Miss Kellogg's leading characteristic was her deep, genuine and natural spirituality; but the characteristic which was most prominent, constantly, and unconsciously, throughout her life, was her self-forgetfulness. Doubtless the discipline of her early years, as well as her constant communion with

her Master, had developed this until it seemed to become second-nature to her. At the time of her graduation from the Hospital Training School, it was she who suggested the class motto which was adopted, and which was the single word, "Others."

Following Miss Kellogg's graduation, she went back to the Frances Willard Hospital as one of the supervisors, and was there for about a year. It happened that during this time the hospital trustees asked the various heads of departments if there was not something which they (the trustees) could do for them personally, in order to increase their happiness and well-being. One night-supervisor, in replying to their offer, said that she would be very glad if there might be one elevator running at night, because of her constantly going from the top to the bottom of the hospital. When Miss Kellogg's turn came, her request was that there might be long rubber mats on the hospital corridors to deaden the sound of steps, and also that the doctors would wear rubber heels on their shoes, both of which suggestions were for the benefit of the patients.

The decision to go to China as a missionary came during the year that she was supervisor, and was the result of an urgent invitation from Dr. P. Y. Tseo, who met Miss Kellogg in Chicago. Dr. Tseo was taking some special work, being under appointment to become superintendent of the Danforth Memorial Hospital, a hospital for women and children in Kiukiang, in central China. Miss Kellogg transferred her church membership to Sawyer Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was from there that she was commis-

MISS KELLOGG

at the time of the service commissioning her for missionary work abroad (1921)

sioned, and set apart for her work as one of the ambassadors of the Lord overseas.

Those who attended the service have spoken of the radiance of her face in dedicating her life to the spreading of the Kingdom abroad. It was an impressive service, and is still remembered with distinctness by those who were present.

Letter Extracts

Just Before Entering the Hospital, August 9, 1917.

"God loves to be trusted for instant blessing, and somehow can't we learn to let our thoughts turn to God in prayer every time they are released from other necessary things?"

Frances Willard Hospital, Chicago.

To H. S.:

Last night was prayer-meeting night in my room. Several girls who usually come, are on vacation. Miss P. and I were here alone and we had a very sweet time together.

Frances Willard Hospital.

To H. S.:

This was a busy day on our floor. Eight operations on the floor and just at evening an accident case brought in—a dear boy of eleven or so, struck by a car a soldier was driving. They did all they could, but it was no use. The poor father was about frantic. We all felt for the soldier. He was a manly fellow—did not attempt to defend himself, though Dr. W. said, as I told him of the accident, there was no possibility of avoiding it.

April 2, 1920.

To H. S.:

In my window are some twigs of pussywillow and green lilac that tell me of the great wonderful world just starting to burst into new life and beauty that some time I shall live in again. God brings a spring after every winter, doesn't He?

Frances Willard Hospital.

To H. S.:

I wish you could have seen Miss S. this afternoon when I gave her the testament. She came today while I was sleeping on my hours off. She was so happy over it and could hardly believe that it was really hers. Now she has promised to read it. I'm sure she will, and we must just pray that God will lead her through it to a real surrender to Himself. Our friendship has made me very happy and I just want the Lord to use it, if He possibly can, to bring her friendship with Him.

Shortly After Leaving the Hospital.

To H. S.:

I have just come home in the darkness. The trees were so still and the starlight so soft and the air just thrilling with the songs of katydids and locusts. I had such a happy time coming home yesterday. As I came up into the depot, I thought, "I wonder if I will see anybody I know." And the Lord led me right straight to Florence M. and we came home together. It is so wonderful to hear her talk. Tonight I said goodby to her after meeting. She leaves tomorrow and sails Monday, and tomorrow I must get ready for the meeting Friday. Pray for me, dearest. If God gives me a message and then helps me to say it so that Jesus is honored, I shall be so glad.

IV

THE JOURNEY TO THE FAR EAST

TO the joy of both mother and daughter, it was decided that Mrs. Kellogg should accompany her namesake, Nora Evelyn, to China, where, indeed, she stayed for more than two years, sharing in her daughter's friendships and experiences, and winning a place of esteem and affection for herself among the Chinese and foreigners, to whom she ministered out of her wide Christian experience.

They sailed in company with a very large missionary group on the S. S. *Nile,* leaving San Francisco September 3, 1921.

The journey to China was a matter of very great interest and delight to Miss Kellogg, both because of the new experiences and sights and sounds which her acquiring mind fully appreciated, and because of the new people she saw and met, and more than this, it was a time of preparation, consciously and unconsciously, for the noble and inspired work she was to do during those succeeding years. After making a stop at beautiful Honolulu, the *Nile* called at three Japanese ports, and this first contact with the Far East was appreciated to the full, and greatly stirred Miss Kellogg's quick mind and imagination. The first glimpse of China was when the ship neared the mouth of the great Yangtse River.

LETTER EXTRACTS

S.S. *Nile,* Sept. 5, 1921. On Deck.

To H. S.:

The boat was very late starting. It was about 5:30 when the gangplank finally went down. . . .

It was a real Golden Gate we sailed through. The setting sun turned the sheet of water between the rocky portals of the bay into a mass of gold and shone through the crests of the green waves by the boat's side, turning their spray to showers of silver. It threw long shadows on the mountain sides. . . . Land was not out of sight yet when I found that my bed was the best place for me. But since yesterday morning there has been nothing in sight but this wonderful indigo-blue water, not green as it was in the bay, but so dark it's almost inky. The machinery of the ship makes waves and foam right near us, and under the foam the water is a very pale blue, noticeable in contrast to the deep color over which it spreads and is lost.

Mother has been the only one of our crowd who hasn't missed a meal or lost it either. This morning I had your steamer letter number three. That was a wonderful reading on faith this morning, and the ocean illustration is a fine one. Now I can understand the page for June 11th, too. And I want to write down for you something from the beautiful letter Miss Dow wrote for me, " 'There shall be no more sea'—Do you remember the 'silly sailor folk' who have protested against that dictum, according to the poets at least, and I presume according to fact? And I presume that word *is* spoken to our fear and dread, or to the mood in which we see its 'grey and melancholy waste' as desolation and separation, rather than to the love that Byron had, or to Tennyson's feeling for that to which our little tide of life 'turns again home' at last. At least the 'boundless deep' is our best type of the Infinite and the

'fathomless billows of love' are what we commit ourselves and our loved ones to with the perfect satisfaction of rest and confidence. We want *enough* of some things." . . .

Do you know, H., I was so thankful you weren't there at the pier Saturday. There was heartache there, and brave attempts to hide it, and keep back tears. I don't know how I could have stood it to leave you there alone. It was different at Wheaton. But I miss you so. It's a whole week since we were together and when you get this, 'twill be a month, and yet you don't seem far from me. Oh, I pray that I may never abuse or disappoint your trust and love. Goodbye for today, dear.

S.S. *Nile,* Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1921.

To H. S.:

This afternoon a crowd of the missionaries got together in the drawingroom to sing hymns and pray for a little while. Plans were made to have a service every day after this in the morning. It was so inspiring. There was such a fine spirit and I am so glad we are to have them.

S.S. *Nile,* Sept. 7, 1921.

To H. S.:

This afternoon I had a long visit with Miss H., who is returning to Tientsin. She put some wise ideas into my head. She said I am bound to have problems, one after another, with my associates. What I must do is to keep my supreme purpose always before me and keep quiet.

My card from you today was the Perfect Day. Now I shall have to wait many days before I hear from you again. A perfect day—I think of many but especially of my last Sunday in Chicago with you, and of ones when we sat together before the fire in the little Wheaton home. Yes, please God, we shall have many more together sometime, somewhere. When I get to China and to work, there will

be long times between letters perhaps, but we will know that our trust in each other will be the same or greater always. Some time we will have time to sit down and look into each other's faces again.

S.S. *Nile,* September 9, 1921.

To H. S.:

Increasingly I wish that some day you and I may enjoy the ocean together. This morning I went clear out and up to the front of the ship, past the great iron anchors with their great heavy chains, that lie in the prow. The marvel of this wonderful blue world grows on me. We had some tiny showers this morning and two rainbows on the western clouds. . . .

Sunday at the church service Rev. P., a Presbyterian missionary, is going to preach on Jesus as a Friend and directly after the sermon, Miss B., returning to evangelistic work in Korea, and I, are to sing "Jesus Is All the World to Me," as a duet. I was asked last night, and we sang together a while to get used to each other.

This morning the drawingroom was full for the prayer service. Miss H. led. I do love her. One hymn this morning was "O Jesus, I Have Promised." That will always be one of *our* hymns. For the benediction we sang "Peace, Perfect Peace."

> "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
> In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
>
> Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
> Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

. . . Just now a deck boy went by with some little glasses of liquor on a tray. Reminded me of how unintentionally I broke my total abstinence pledge the other evening. The deck boy came around with little glass cups

filled with a tempting red drink with lemon slices in. We all took a glass. I thought it was a fruit drink and not noticing the smell took a good swallow—Phew! One was enough. The ocean got the rest of our tempting drinks.

S.S. *Nile,* September 14, 1921.

To H. S.:

I haven't told you about Honolulu yet, though you should have some notes mailed from there last Saturday. . . . We took the long ride out to Waikiki Beach. I never dreamt of such flowers. I do not know how to tell of them so that you could get an idea of their beauty. Can you imagine hedges around most every little yard covered with glowing orange-red flowers eight or ten inches across? When these bushes weren't trimmed into hedges, they grew as high as a bungalow house, and just filled with blooms, lovely pink or deep red. Then there were strange trees, looking like immense bouquets, with fine fern-like foliage and covered with golden or red or purple flowers. And we rode past streets lined with oleanders, great clusters of pink and white blossoms. It was a dream. There were the palm trees, too, cocoanut and date palms.

Out at Waikiki Beach there is an aquarium where they have little glass rooms filled with water, the homes of ocean fish. Let your imagination run riot and it could not conceive more exquisite colorings than those of these queer-shaped fishes. Blues from the palest to the deepest, coral pink, red and orange and green, and such strange markings. And they have such a sheeny lustre while they swim around. Actually some of them looked as though they had precious stones set on their tails. . . .

Sunday was a glorious day and the service on deck was inspiring. The pulpit was a table draped with the flags of United States, China and England. The Episcopal service was used. When we were reading the Te Deum I

could hear it as I listened to it with you in your home such a few days ago. They have been few, and yet it seems so long, so long, since we were together.

S. S. *Nile,* September 16, 1921.

To H. S.:

I have just finished reading the last of the steamer letters Mrs. K. sent me from the church. This one she had written herself. It was such a beautiful loving letter. She loves you very, very much, doesn't she, H.? More than she could ever put on paper, she says. It's because of you that she feels so lovingly toward me, I know. I am not worthy, but I am grateful, and I have aspirations. Did you notice especially the reading in our book for yesterday, that was the 14th, about the Pharisee and the publican? I haven't it here. But the thought is with me. The publican was conscious of a whole untrodden universe for spiritual achievement before him, and he longed to make it his. "Our possibilities nestle in our cravings"—didn't it say that? There is my hope, then, for I have a whole hungry heart full of deep persistent cravings. I cherish them and thank God for them.

S.S. *Nile,* Sept. 20, 1921.

To H. S.:

This afternoon I copied all the hymn, "O Jesus, I Have Promised," into the back of my little red Bible from you. We are singing that so much here on the boat and it is my prayer these days.

The wind is cool and strong and our ship is pitching much. It is a lovely night, deep blue, cloudless, starlighted sky. The sun went down behind a low bank of dark clouds. Above, the dull orange sky faded through imperceptible shadings of pale yellow and soft green into clear blue. We have been making good time and are due

to arrive at Yokohama tomorrow evening. The thought of walking around in Japan seems very queer.

This whole life is so detached and unreal. It will be good to have work to think about again. Yet I am sure these days of enforced idleness have an important part in preparation for the tasks ahead.

. . . I must go in. The moon has risen and lights the way back to home, I was going to say—but I have no home—lights the way back to my homeland—back to many loved ones—back to you.

"No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts can not sever;
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasped forever."

Good night, dear.

Your Nora.

Yokohama, Japan, September 22, 1921.

To H. S.:

. . . it is the people who are the real interest and you would watch and watch them. And you would watch the children most, the little cunnings. Some of them are shy and run behind a grown person while they pass you, and then look back to laugh. One baby hid its face behind its chubby fingers. Even little girls that looked not more than five, carry big babies on their backs. And the babies' kimonos are made of such gay colored cloths, and when they go to sleep their round, smooth-shaven heads roll around helplessly.

We saw about two hundred children just out of school, all marching together like a parade four abreast. The boys came first, mostly dressed in little grey cotton uni-

forms. The girls followed with little dark waists and full skirts of bright red or plum color. These skirts are the distinctive dress of the girl students. The women's kimonos are usually a dark color and they wear a flaming sash and carry a bright silk parasol and wear red or purple ornaments in their oiled and polished hair.

Most of them wear the wooden shoes and they make a funny clatter while they walk and this makes up for the quietness of their tongues. That's another thing you notice, the quietness of the city; you can hear the crickets chirping, even. The shops are quiet, the men pulling their loads on wagons are quiet. The jinrikishaws are almost uncanny—they glide up so silently, the men always going at a steady trot.

V

FIRST YEARS IN CHINA

THE first term of service in China, in spite of the hard times that are certain to come in Christian work, whether abroad or at home, was a season of very real joy and stimulation.

Its initial months were given to studying the Chinese language in the interesting city of Nanking, where friendships and some share in bringing the Gospel message to Chinese of all ages as her understanding of people and language increased, expeditions in the city and outside it as opportunity offered, and her very helpful share in the life of the Language School, gave her a full and happy first year.

When summer came and the Language School closed, Mrs. Kellogg and her daughter left Nanking for Kiukiang, where they spent a fortnight, and then went up to the wonderfully beautiful summer resort in the Kuling Mountains.

With the coming of the autumn of 1922, Miss Kellogg began her years of service in the Danforth Memorial Hospital.

The motive of her work was always a spiritual one. It was her fixed desire that her patients might see in her a reflection of the Divine Love, and she distinctly put the spiritual concerns of the patients and the hospital first, with the result which might have been expected, namely, the most continuous and conscientious

attention to the smallest details of the technical side of her work. Those who feel that the medical side of medical missions should be put first, fail to realize that actions are based on motives, and that when one has the strongest of motives,—not to speak of the Divine help which is given for the asking,—one can be sustained through the most distasteful and arduous labor, and do it with real enthusiasm and devotion. If the impulse to reveal and interpret God has resulted in the world's most beautiful pictures and music, the most superb architecture and the most surpassing literature, surely it is reasonable to assume that the same motive-power will be productive of the best and most conscientious work in other fields.

We who knew Miss Kellogg can not forget the tones of her voice when speaking to the Chinese patients. There is a special difficulty in the Chinese language in expressing one's feelings adequately, for the various intonations in which the words must be said—whether high or low, whether with a rising or falling inflection —are all prescribed in advance, quite irrespective of the sentiment to be expressed. While Miss Kellogg spoke Chinese with great technical correctness, anyone who heard her could appreciate how she used even a difficult medium of communication to convey the messages of love and sympathy which the Lord gave her for innumerable needy hearts.

Delight in mothering the tiniest children in the hospital, some of them deprived of their own parents, and the further beautifying of the Danforth compound with a garden that was later to come into still fuller beauty, together with an increasing devotion to, and

DR. CHEN AT SIAO CHIH KEO

intimacy with the Chinese, characterized this first term on the field.

There sprang up almost immediately between her and Dr. Chen Yu Chen, who assisted Dr. Tseo in the superintendency of the hospital, a deep and loving friendship that increased in its mutual sympathy and understanding to the last.

During her years in China, the brief summer holiday which Miss Kellogg allowed herself was usually spent in the beautiful mountain resort not far from Kiukiang. There she found much in every way that appealed to her love of nature, and also her need of solitude, which became a conscious longing after the rushing days of hospital life.

A friend with whom Miss Kellogg spent her holiday one summer in the Kuling Mountains, says that her time was given to calling upon the Kiukiang Chinese who were also in Kuling, to considerable reading, to getting off a large weight of correspondence (she had many letters to write to individuals who were interested in the mission work, and to church groups who helped in its support), and also she spent much time in Bible study and prayer, and that included hours of definite intercession for special individuals, whose spiritual needs weighed on her heart.

Letter Extracts

Nanking, China, October 2, 1921.

Perhaps I must leave out Kobe, and the marvelous phosphorescent sea we came through just after leaving there in the evening, when the waves near the boat were crested

and foaming with the most exquisite, pale burning blue you could think of, and the dark water, as far as I could see, was lit up in patches by weird, unearthly light. . . . And (at Shanghai) there was the strange experience of tending the trunks and getting them off to Nanking, just barely in time to get the train myself. Oh, if I ever have to go through the jungle of a Chinese baggage office again, I hope I can talk Chinese, though I felt the Lord took care of things wondrously for me. You have no idea of the confusion and shouting and crowding, and you can not understand a thing, scarcely. . . .

How would you like to live in a one- or two-room little cottage, walls made of brick and mud, roof of thatched grass, a small low door, no windows, no chimney to let the smoke out, no floor but dirt, maybe chickens or lean wild-looking dogs roaming about, or pigs nosing around the doorstep? I have seen thousands of homes like that. The living conditions seemed so bad I could hardly believe it unless I saw it, and its results are all too apparent. The symptoms of tuberculosis are about everywhere. The streets are a walking skin clinic, and the poor, sore and running blind eyes—it is pitiful—so many, many blind folks, and the beggars, old wrinkled women, clad in rags, holding out their claw-like hands.

Nanking, November 18, 1921.

This week Mr. Chia taught us the words for God, heaven, the "Doctrine" and believe. Nothing since coming to China has been so wonderful as to hear him tell us so simply in Chinese, "There is only one God. God is in Heaven, He is also in our hearts. He sees all that we do. We can not see Him, but some day we will see Him clearly. God has no beginning and no ending. He is the Father of us all. We are all His sons and daughters. In

God's eyes there is no difference between Chinese men and other men. They are all His."

Then he told us that when we believed the doctrine it melted our hard hearts like a fire and changed our lives. Just think, seven weeks ago I could not understand a bit of Chinese. Now, we have a "lecture" in Chinese every Saturday morning to listen to. . . . Last Saturday afternoon a cheerful coolie took me riding out through the East City Gate, through the site of the Imperial City of the Ming Emperors, who were ruling China when Columbus discovered America. Heaps of brick and stone are all that is left, where once were royal palaces. We rode on out to the foot of Purple Mountain to the Ming Tombs. I climbed to the top of the artificial hill behind the mausoleum, the earth of which was brought from every province in China. It is covered, except the top, with oak trees, ruddy-leaved now. It was the highest, steepest hill I have climbed. Such a view! The city spread out beyond the long curving wall, off to the west the waters of the broad Yangtse flashing in the sunshine, and on the other side the beautiful great mountain reaching right up into the blue heavens. The Imperial City with all its grandeur has departed, but the mountain still stands, the very symbol of permanence, of abiding strength. But even when it is gone, that tender, strong loving kindness of our God will be keeping us. We are so thankful for His word, for our safety and peace in Him. Oh, I wish these people knew of God's loving kindness for them too. Just to think of being so separated to Christ that He can reveal His love to one of these dear people that never knew it before. . . . Someone said He made our burdens greater than we could bear so that we would surely trust them to Him and come very close so He could carry them for us.

Nanking, China, Dec. 1, 1921.

To H. S.:

I wished for you last Sunday at Chinese church. At the close of Sunday school over twenty of these precious little tots came up to the platform. Two of them said verses, and then they all sang two little hymns. Every single one down to the weest sang right through and it was so sweet and they're so dear, their little black heads and padded cotton coats. At church nine high-school-aged boys and one little fellow were baptized and received into the church.

Nanking, December 11, 1921.

To H. S.:

Mother and I have just come home from morning church. During the sermon my mind became weary of listening. When you can understand words all along, but can not connect them up or get the drift of the thought, it is quite a mental strain, so I stopped listening and began telling myself the story of Jesus and the woman at the well in Chinese, and then I was surprised at what a well connected story I could make. . . .

We are watching eagerly and with the greatest concern the developments of the Washington Conference. That conference has been the subject of very much prayer among missionaries and Christian Chinese.

. . . This sentiment is being spread abroad now that China's only recourse is to bring up her armies and armaments to Western standards, and then fight her way out of her troubles; that she can never get justice so long as she is weak. The thought of this great peaceable people becoming militaristic is horrible, and when one sees the crowds of little children at every humble door-way with their smiles and cunning ways, dirty enough but precious all the same, and then thinks

how they in their innocence and helplessness would be made to suffer by war, it is just unthinkable. It makes one long for Jesus to come quickly. . . .

Mrs. L. wasn't able to come down for dinner, so I had to carve the roast and show the people their seats and be a nice lady. That was a good experience for me, wasn't it? I enjoyed it too. Mrs. L. did come down later when dinner was over and we had had our cocoa around the bright fire. Mamma enjoys these times so much. I am the envy of lots of other girls out here. Some of them are beginning to call her "Mother Kellogg." . . .

Four months ago was my wonderful last Sunday with you in Chicago. I was reminded of it this morning by reading, "Oh, Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end" from the back of my precious red Bible. God keep us both true to our promise every, every day.

December 28, 1921.

To H. S.:

Last Saturday Miss F. and I went to South City, Nanking's principal business section, to do some shopping. It is absolutely fascinating to me, and I am just tickled beyond reason that I can talk with these shopmen and understand the price and other things. . . .

Out here I found that the press of duties was making Bible reading rather hurried and perfunctory. I became a bit alarmed, realizing that my life is very uncrowded now in comparison with what it will be, and I felt that I must just simply take time for the Bible and get a proper habit of Bible study, for no work is more vitally important than prayer and Bible study. Then I was much helped by glancing over a little book by Griffith Thomas, "Methods of Bible Study," published by Revell. He makes such a distinction between reading books about the Bible, simply reading the Bible itself, and

really studying it, and gives so much helpful suggestion for study, so I began to study the word "Salvation." I have only an ordinary little concordance, but already it (the study) has proved a great blessing. But I realized almost right away I had picked a subject I could work at for months. I have just begun to group the verses I have looked up, together, and I have only looked up a few of the many figures used of salvation. Three have attracted me right at the first—Rock of Salvation—Shield of Salvation—Garments of Salvation. I believe that if God wishes it, I will use these three at the Woman's Prayer Meeting I am to lead the last Thursday in January. I am telling you, so you will pray.

Nanking, January 27, 1922.

To H. S.:

This afternoon while I was gone with the girls another young man came to see me, I suppose one of the boys from my English class at the Y. M. If only God can use these friendships to bring them to Jesus. They are such fine fellows. Somehow I care just as much for some of the ricksha boys. And there is one little mud house a tiny way down the road with about eight children in it, from possibly seven down to one year old, and that little troop always comes running to meet me to walk part way home with me, about three little cold hands in each one of mine, for they dance in front or push behind, anything to get my hand, and then we talk together. You couldn't help loving them and longing for a better life for them all. I just can pray, "Lord, take me and use me for them, and teach me how to pray for them." I just feel so thankful over and over that God lets me be friends with these people. A week ago yesterday G. came to us and staid till Tuesday this week. Our cups were running over, but it was so short a while. We were having cold freezing

weather then and she frosted her feet on the boat coming down. Maybe summer after next we will be together again.

Nanking, February 20, 1922.

To H. S.:

. . . I read some of the stories. Sometimes a story seems a physical necessity out here. Most of my reading is serious and instructive. I have three books I am studying now in connection with a Bible class of second year high school boys that I have at church. I was asked to take up the Gospel of John with them and I am using the Christian Worker's Commentary, by Dean Gray, Studies in the Gospel of John, by White of N. Y., and the Expositor's Bible on John. I know that the study has been a wonderful help to me already. Yesterday afternoon I sat down and read the book through without stopping with verses 30 and 31 of the twentieth chapter in mind and it was a new book. The whole book is written as an effort to show the truth of his statement that Jesus is Christ and that believing we have life in His name.

Nanking, March 9, 1922.

To H. S.:

. . . Mr. L. hired a new coolie a few weeks ago. His name is E Ho (no period after the E). He is a country peasant with his queue still on and wrapped around his head. And he always wears an old brown leather brimless hat. His duties are to tend the gardens, which he does beautifully, tend the fire, and carry coal and water. When he came he was green as a cucumber in the house. The doors and halls seemed to confuse him hopelessly. When he got into a room, he didn't know how to get out. But he is getting used to foreigners' ways now. I think I shall never forget the sight of that man at evening prayers as I

watched him sitting across the table. His rough blue cotton clothes and that grotesque hat, so coarse and crude, and to see them, I always looked past a bowl of peach blossoms on the table, so exquisite and fine in their form and fragrance and soft pinkness. It was such a bold contrast. But his face and his dark eager eyes! He never misses a word. And one evening after we had been reading from John 3, and after Mr. L. had explained to him a bit more of the two ways from which he must choose one —one, the path of his own desires, and one the path of obedience to Jesus—he said he wanted to follow Jesus. And then our old cook, a sweet humble Christian, encouraged him, told him they would pray for him, and Jesus would help him. He is simple as a child, but then it is only as little children that we all must enter the Kingdom.

Nanking, March 17, 1922.

To H. S.:

Spring vacation began at noon today. I am sitting on my cot on the porch writing this, my first vacation letter. The soft breeze is warm and sweet. Purple Mountain is just visible, almost lost in grey haze, in spite of the clear sunshine. The tulip tree in front of the house is covered with great bursting buds. The white flower petals are pushing out at the top. The willows are golden-green now from the millions of swelling leaf buds. If you were only here to pick violets—great, sweet, deep purple beauties, and thousands of them. And there are trees covered with white or pink blossoms where the honey bees rejoice. It is lovely.

Nanking, April 12, 1922.

To H. S.:

. . . But there is so much of unselfishness and control yet to learn. The morning after I wrote that, I

chanced to read the 126th Psalm and noticed verses five and six particularly. There seems there, to be a necessary connection between the tears that accompany the sowing, and the harvest that is reaped with joy. I thought as I read, perhaps experiences that are painful are only a proof that God will give a harvest and joy with it. And that very afternoon one of the fine boys from last year's Y. M. class came to see me and after a little visit he brought out some serious questions, one about the Passover and what it meant. What better text could one wish for the redemptive work of Christ and the safety it brings; and another question about prayer. And before very long we were kneeling in prayer together, he in Chinese, and I in English, speaking to one Father. I thought when he went away in the joy of this fellowship and in the midst of such opportunity, how trivial other things are anyway.

The teacher whom I have told you of, who has been studying English with me, has been to see Pastor Tsu of the church I attend and wishes to be baptized and join the church. I believe he is really sincere. He is reading his Bible every day. He has difficulty in prayer, though. We had much talk of it yesterday when he was here. I do not wonder that it is so. It is a bit hard to realize what difficulties there must be in acquiring for the first time a faith in, and a fellowship with, God which we at home can almost unconsciously absorb.

Every Sunday afternoon some of the Seminary students have a Sunday School for the children of the neighborhood up in the main building. I've often listened to their singing, "Jesus Loves Me."

Last Sunday, about two o'clock, when service begins, I took some picture post cards and went down to give them to the children that swarm about the row of ricksha coolies' huts. Of the little crowd that gathered six came back with me to go to Sunday School. They are so dirty, Helen,

you can't imagine; but they are so dear. One little toddler came along and I carried him fearing he could not keep up. But the oldest little girl who came, perhaps nine years old, insisted that I put him on her back as he was too dirty for me to carry. Her distress finally made me consent. When we reached the place, I wiped the running noses clean before they went in, that was all the preparation they had for going to meeting.

Nanking, May 8, 1922.

To H. S.:

The Chinese name for Easter is Resurrection Day. I like it better. I mean their Chinese name means that. The Sunday School was so fine that day. After the opening the little primary children sang "Christ the Lord is risen today." They are so sweet and have such wonderful self-control, and dignity almost, for such little tots. An older class of little folks repeated scripture texts for about five minutes. Then there were other songs by older girls, the best I thought was, "One Day When Heaven Was Filled With His Praises." Do you know that hymn? One of the boys from my class led in prayer and gave some kind of a scripture talk, reading the Bible in several places. Chinese certainly have an enviable degree of self-possession when they are on the platform. The climax of the program was the coming in to speak of Dr. King, a very black Negro of the U. S., who had been a delegate to the Student Federation Conference at Peking. Most of the folks in the church had never seen a Negro before and he surely made a stir. He sang the old Negro hymn, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

Nanking, June 3, 1922.

To H. S.:

Last Sunday morning I was asked to go and see an

obstetrical case, that was not coming on as it should. I gave my Bible class outlines to Mamma and went with Mrs. D., a lovely, white-haired missionary, way down almost to the south city wall. The poor girl had been in pain for five days and was making no progress. . . . If there's one thing I praise God for above several others, it is that he helps these folk to trust me. I prayed especially for it on the way down, feeling that if I did not have His leading, and they were afraid, it would be perhaps impossible to help. Several little things relieved her temporarily, but realizing that her strength was almost gone, I advised the Hospital at once—so they got ready. I thought of Chicago with all its hospitals and ambulances as the little bamboo bed was made ready. We got her wrapped up on it, and two stout men carried it between them, swung from a heavy pole that rested on their shoulders. I couldn't guess how many miles we walked. It seemed five at least. They did everything they could for her but it was too late. Before the next morning she had slipped away.

Kiukiang, June 28, 1922.

To H. S.:

But how I did wish over and over you were standing by me at the rail watching and seeing with me. It was the most perfect trip I've ever had, a fine big boat, clear sunny weather, and the country is just unspeakably beautiful. And the river—there is something awe-inspiring about it, that great brown sheet of water stretching away ahead of you and curving away behind and when you leave it you know that you could travel farther on it for weeks and weeks and for hundreds and hundreds of miles. . . . I love Kiukiang. It seems so much more like real China than most of Nanking did. Little narrow streets all hung with banners and signs, just like the pictures, the rough

streets paved with wide stones that bump you up and down while you're in the ricksha. There are not many rickshas. You often see the sedan chair carried by two or four men on long poles. The city walls are not very high, perhaps twenty feet, but so beautiful. All the sharp edges taken off by old age and shrubs and grass and herbs growing on top, and out between the stones.

Kuling, Kiangsi, July 5, 1922.

To H. S.:

Oh, my darling, how I have just longed to share these days with you! I never dreamt I would live in the midst of such beauty. I look up from the paper out the window, up, up, to the green peak of the slope our house is on, with great grey rocks jutting out at the top. This afternoon I was out walking and down to the store street and the fast streams of clear, clear water rushing and singing over the great rocks seemed more beautiful than ever. And Miss Mei, who was with me, took me up to a spot where we could look through a gap in the mountain and there was the broad plain stretching so far below, so green and beautiful with the great river winding through. Oh, I just can't tell you! It is all so wonderful to me. The atmosphere is so clear, the moonlight and starlight have a brilliancy I never knew at home.

All the way up here last Friday how I wished your eyes and soul were drinking in what mine were. We crossed the plain, thirteen miles wide, in an auto truck to the foothills. The mountain seems to rise right up out of the level plain. At its base we took chairs, each one carried by four coolies, who carried us up the steep trails and steeper rock steps, ten thousand in all, to our summer home. The trail follows a stream bed up the mountain side. At first it was just a fast-flowing stream, its waters diverted all along to irrigate the terraced rice fields, rising

like steps one above another, but farther up it became a torrent just tumbling around and over the rocks and in one place making a fall over the face of a steep smooth rock. And then the ferns and the groves of pine and bamboo and the wild flowers, orange lilies, pink spirea, fine white flowers, daisies, purple bells growing on tall spikes, and lovely golden flowers something like honeysuckle, they made every step upward a new delight. And it was worth having your chair swing out over a precipice, even if it was nerve-racking, just to see how grand the precipice was. . . . School began today, out on the broad verandah of our house here at seventy-thirty this morning. Tai Sein Sen (Tai is pronounced like "die") is so fine. He is one of those who accepted Christ in the special meetings at the end of the school. He is joining the Methodist Church. Before we began class, that we all have together, he asked me to pray. I hadn't expected that up here where there are only three of us together, but I was so glad.

Kuling, Summer of 1922.

To H. S.:

And H., will you pray for me in this especially? I shall have to lead the daily chapel service for nurses, patients who can walk and servants, one day each week, and I am determined to do it in Chinese. If I don't begin right away speaking in Chinese there, it will be harder and harder every week to begin. I led three times when I was down there before, but I'd no time to prepare, and had to speak with an interpreter. But I don't want to do that any more. It will be humbling to talk in Chinese, for I will make mistakes, and I am only just beginning to get a Bible vocabulary. It will have to be simple as a little child's talk. But I believe if I keep humble, the Lord can use it even so.

Kiukiang, October 5, 1922.

To H. S.:

The days are so full, I just don't seem to get any more letters written. I go over to the hospital before seven every morning and have a chance to see the sickest patients before roll call. When the day nurses come on duty for roll call, I have made them stand in line according to seniority in the class room and then march out in order. It looks so nice. They used to sit down anywhere they pleased and go out any way. The ideas of discipline and orderliness that seem so essential to us at home are not familiar to them now, as I hope thy will be soon. Then I go home to breakfast and come back to chapel at eight o'clock. After chapel I have an hour and a half to see patients, or give directions to my coolie who is cleaning up the back yards. You would smile with me to see weed patches and ash heaps disappearing. The possibility of beauty as well as cleanliness and order just makes me so glad. It is like a tonic to have this hope of all the lawns and gardens really restful and beautiful.

At ten my teacher comes. He is the most courteous gentleman and a good teacher. He is not a Christian, apparently knows nothing of the Bible, for at first I had to find the place in John where we were to read. He stays two hours and then it is dinner time. Afternoons must be used in getting ready for classes and teaching them. Always there are people coming in to ask questions, or to get supplies, or it is the tailor, and I must go and sit by while he measures off the cloth for uniforms, or it is someone wishing to start in training.

Last night I had planned to write letters but a desperately sick woman was brought in, and I stayed over till 9:30 getting her fixed, and working with her nurse.

I want to tell you more about Doctor Chen. As soon as I can get it, her picture will come to you. I wish I could

share her with you. How little I dreamed of this wonderful joy God had waiting for me here, just to be able to work in the same place with her, and I hope, more and more right with her, herself. I had heard some time ago that she was planning to leave here, at China New Year, for Shanghai, 'twas not certain yet. Every day my prayer was that God would show her His will, and if it was His will, she might stay here. . . . From the first time I heard Doctor Chen pray, and speak from the Bible, I knew here was one who put the spiritual interests and concerns of the hospital above everything else, where they belong. . . . Doctor Chen is the humblest person I ever knew. She is just beautiful, H. This sounds like raving, I know, but I can't help it. Oh, to be way full of love and earnestness for the Lord! That's the way it makes me feel. I don't have any sacrifice in my life to make me full of burning love the way I ought to be. It just seems sometimes as though Jesus was thinking up beautiful things for me to make me love Him. I do want to love Him more. I just long to have all my girls see Him.

Kiukiang, November 16, 1922.

To H. S.:

Tonight we were going around seeing the folks: a young woman with a poor, sick heart, every valve leaking, her limbs and arms swollen and unable to lie down at all; another woman with abdominal pain, probably appendicitis; a girl of fifteen, wasting away with tuberculosis; a precious little child of about four who has a terrible gaping hole where her cheeks and lips should be; a bright student girl from Rulison, the M. E. girls' high school, who had a sore throat, from diphtheria, they thought . . . she (Doctor Chen) is so beautiful with them all. I would tell you about the time I opened the

door, opened it, then closed it to steal away, for I had seen her kneeling by a patient's bedside in prayer; and about the chapel service, when she led a dear old grandmother to say she was going home to worship idols no longer, only God; and other things, only it is time I was in bed.

My work seems petty, too, sometimes, lots of it. I was thinking of some extras for tomorrow: speak to the girls about leaving their clothes in their guest room; speak to the dishwasher about emptying water in front of the nurses' home; move Mrs. W. from the ward to a private room; put up the new soap boxes; those are a few of the things. Every day brings lots of little bits of insignificant things that use up time, and yet if the Lord Jesus has a chance, He will shine forth in the doing of the least important task just as truly through you, as anyone. Every little while something is said that makes me know how closely I am watched and then I realize how disastrous a break in fellowship with Him may be. My precious baby, little Luda, calls me "mamma" all the time. I never saw a little thing with a mind more retentive and alert than hers, and she is so sweet.

Kiukiang, December 3, 1922.

To H. S.:

Speaking of chrysanthemums, ours have been so beautiful. The old gardener kept pots of them all through the hospital and down the front walk, all sizes and colors, so rich and full in their bloom and beauty. My baby Luda is so fond of them. She likes to have me hold her where she can touch them gently with her little hands. . . . Yesterday Doctor Chen and I crossed the river in a little sail boat over to Siao Chih Keo and had dispensary in the mission chapel. I took my servant boy with us to carry the case of medicines and supplies and to keep us supplied

with hot water over there. So many people came with their sores outside, and their pains within. One was a fine little lad, an apprentice in an iron tool maker's shop. His legs below the knees had the most awful deep, raw ulcers on them. He was certainly plucky and didn't make a sound through all the washing and painting with iodine, which is always most painful. So many sore, red eyes! It is just pitiful.

One old lady brought us a bag of fresh eggs as a love gift. We brought them home for Luda to eat. I do hope the pictures I took will turn out well. The boat ride is beautiful. The broad expanse of yellow water, the many, many curious boats with their different loads, the wild water birds—all are so different from anything I have known before. We were watching some little fishing boats. The wife worked the oars while the husband handled the nets. One man called his wife to come and help him, the net was so heavy, it was tipping the little boat way down. When they finally got it up there was a big stone in the net. The next boat to it was having better luck. We saw one big shiny fellow struggling in the net. We had dinner with the mission pastor's wife, bowls of steaming rice, fresh clams, tiny savory fish, and bean curd. I had bright red bone chopsticks to use.

. . . her (Dr. Chen's) birthday is just the day before mine and she is just ten years older than I. Lately we have been reading the Bible together evenings, she reads to me or else she reads a verse and then I read and she helps me with the characters I don't know and then she prays.

Kiukiang, December 24, 1922.

To H. S.:

I am in bed just for today. On the little table nearby

are the most fragrant purple violets that N. W. sent to me. They are in a blue Chinese vase, shaped just like a tiny fish. It stands on its tail and its mouth is open. Whichever way I look here, I see some lovely thing from some Chinese friend. Flowers, real and artificial, fine porcelain, vases, embroidery, cloisonne, fruit and peanuts. How full and rich my life is with love and gladness and opportunities for service! "My cup runneth over." . . .

I have got a better picture of Doctor Chen for you now. I took it over the river at Siao Chih Keo one Saturday. The little baby's mother came back with us to the chapel for a dressing. We had taken a long walk into the country to different homes and they came back with us. I wear a dark blue, cotton Chinese dress when I go over there. I like to wear Chinese clothes, especially when I go out into the country places where they are not used to foreigners. I think it makes it easier for them to trust me. . . .

Last week Monday I went with Doctor Tseo and one of the pupil nurses on an obstetrical case in the country. It was a wonderful morning of sunshine and blue, blue sky. And the waters of the lake outside the city were bluer than the sky. Many fishing boats were out, most picturesque they were with their great square nets that are raised and lowered by ropes and a pulley on a wooden frame. Then there were ducks playing in the water and snowy white gulls, and always the wonderful mountains in the background, purple, blue and green. It was a most wretched little home we finally came to. The poverty and physical hardships of these brave folks make you heartsick. There is nothing attractive or beautiful in their homes except the children's eager faces, and they are dirty. And as to the presence of water, earth and sky spread around them, if they see it at all, they seem utterly indifferent. We take a complete outfit with us for, if it is

a poor home we go to, there is nothing there to use at all. So linen, instruments, basins, soap and even water are brought from the hospital.

From the outer room we went into the bedroom. A dark hole was all you would think it was at first, pitchy black except for a little glow from a few charcoals burning in an open pan. They served to take the keen chill out of the air and dimly showed the forms of several women gathered around the one in pain. They brought in two tiny oil lamps made of old tin cans. A little wick goes down into the oil, that is all, no chimney. It makes a small, smoky flame. I got the woman ready while Doctor Tseo scrubbed and got into sterile gown and gloves. When the woman was draped with sheets and all, it seemed much lighter. The whole scene was a wonder to me. The strange contrast between Doctor Tseo with all her skill, and as carefully dressed as though she were in the hospital, and the ignorant, though kindly women who had come in to help. When everything was ready, Doctor Tseo turned and said to me, "After all, how much better this is than the place where Christ was born for us." When the little son came all they had to dress it with was two old, thin, colored cloths, and then they took a foot-binding bandage and wrapped it 'round and 'round. "Wrapped in swaddling clothes."

On Friday we went out again but what a difference! This time to a home of wealth in the city. High, light rooms, clean, wooden floors, exquisite paintings and embroidery, beautiful silk quilts, diamonds and pearls in the lady's ears. Yet the incense burning all around in the bed chamber showed that there was darkness here too. How I do love this work. Getting out into the people's homes and sharing a bit of their life!

Kiukiang, March 1, 1923.

To H. S.:

Spring has come with bursting buds and soft air vibrant with bird songs. The old gardener brought me a handful of deep purple violets the other day, so fragrant. And yesterday there was a migrating flock of birds out in the front, hunting for food. Gay fellows they were, with thick yellow bills, jet black heads and gray and orange bodies. There are so many beautiful birds entirely different from those at home. There is a robin around, entirely black, but it has a robin's face and song and manner. . . .

I am planning to start "class meetings" for the nurses next week, too. Now, I never held a "class meeting." Our dear district superintendent, Pastor Tsai, is very anxious to have them for the nurses so I am going to excuse them from the prayer meeting and have class meeting here. Next year I shall have Bible classes for them every week, too. I have been thinking of taking up the correspondence course on Bible study that Doctor White's School gives in order to help myself and the girls more. But I think that must wait until my Chinese is better.

The Lord certainly helped me this week. A case of disobedience of one of my senior nurses that required punishment and serious talking. Her bosom friend then persuaded her to leave training with her as a protest to my disciplining. So I told them they might go. Then I called my supervisors together and put the whole case before them. One of them who is more or less responsible for Miss C——, the disobedient one, went and had a straight-out talk with her, told her to take her medicine and behave, so she is doing it, and because she stayed, her friend changed her mind and stayed, too. I am glad they did. The whole thing was so unexpected, and Miss C—— is one of the best students here. I was loath to have her

go, but I could not persuade her to stay, for that would have been undoing all I had said and done to show her her fault. Many times I think how necessary it is to be prepared beforehand for the day's problems. They come so quickly and require decision when there is no time to plan and think out how best to meet them. After they are over I can realize how much I have been led and helped in answer to prayer. In that, you are a constant strength to me. Sometimes I think this job is too big for me. Then I think if it is too big, it is my fault, for the One Who let me come here has all that I need.

Kiukiang, March 27, 1923.

To H. S.:

Last Sunday afternoon I went out to the little South Gate with Doctor Chen for meeting. About thirty came. We have divided the women from the children, so the children can understand more. We have started with the life of Jesus for the children. I wish I could go every week. Last week I took out a little blackboard and chalk so as to teach them to recognize a few words, and we always have cards for them at the end.

Last Saturday I went down with a nurse to the city dispensary and we played a fine prank on the way. We went across South Lake. The water is shallow and very clear and we could see big mussels on the bottom, so the nurse coaxed the boatman to go slowly. We rolled up our sleeves and fished some up. We were a sight when we got to the city for our sleeves got wet anyhow and wet mud splashed on. I started with a fresh, clean uniform and felt like a guilty child when I got there, but it was the most fun. Mussels have shells like clams and are good to eat.

Kiukiang, April 17, 1923.

To H. S.:

My baby, Luda, was very sick with influenza and malaria. She was like a little grown person, so sweet and patient. My heart was touched to hear the nurses praying for her in class meeting, and more so when our cook prayed most earnestly for her in family prayers. God heard and answered. She hasn't much strength yet but the fever is broken and her appetite is back.

How I should love to bring you roses, deep velvet red ones this evening, such as I climbed up on the wall to pick off the top of the vine last evening. I was out at the contagious ward to see a smallpox case with Doctor Chen when I spied them, so I skipped over and climbed up on a high ledge, Doctor Chen held my feet so I would not topple backwards, and I picked a fragrant handful.

Today brought me a wonderful glimpse of the working of the Holy Spirit in the heart of one of my dear girls. She had insulted her senior nurse and written a very naughty letter to her. When I called her in to talk with her, I found the work had been done already. A more humble confession and pouring out of the heart for forgiveness with tears, first to God and then to the two wronged ones, I have never seen. I could scarce keep my own tears back. It was a sacred thing and my office is becoming a sacred place to me.

May 18, 1923.

To H. S.:

Last Saturday half the nurses went with mother and me for a picnic, the rest had gone before. We went out into the country walking. Mother was carried in a sedan chair. We had such a good time, visited two temples, a famous patriot's grave, and then went off into a large, enclosed garden and group of houses, where we had a cool place

for lunch. The paths were lined with wild roses, white and pink. A troop of soldiers came up behind us on the road, bugles playing. They turn off and marched single file over to a hill top covered with trees to rest. We walked back to the city and visited a huge match factory. Crowds of tiny children and women work at filling the boxes and wrapping them, not heavy work, but oh, how monotonous to sit all day in that crowded room and do nothing else!

June 17, 1923.

To H. S.:

. . . Yesterday, I had to go down to the hulk of one of the river steamship companies to get the adult size hospital doll I had ordered for the training school last winter. The river was so beautiful. You don't know how I wished for you to be with me there. The river has risen many, many feet in the last month and is almost twice as wide as at low water. And the banks are so green on the other side and the little Chinese sailboats and big junks just seem to belong to that wide sheet of water. The sight of it was a rest and comfort to me yesterday as never before.

My cousin, A. L., was married in Peking late last month, and G. was her bridesmaid. . . . Can you imagine anything more romantic than a wedding in the court of an ancient Chinese palace by moonlight! That's what they had, and then the reception later inside by lamplight.

I am so thankful G. is coming to Kuling. She can hardly wait. It is more than a year since she was with us. We expect to go up in two weeks. Perhaps the next time I write to you I will be up there. It just seemed as though God Himself had made the plans for our summer. I long for the rest and quiet those days are to bring. It seems I never needed to get away more than I do now. Mother hasn't been real well lately, so I am glad for her sake, too,

that the time is near. I have bought some new books for summer rest, "The Holy Spirit of God," by Griffith Thomas; "The Great Religious Poetry of the World," "A Book of Prayer," by Bourds and two books of Bible lessons by Richards that I want to use in getting ready the Bible class work for the nurses for next year. I want to get to Kuling most of all so as to have more time to pray and to be with my Bible.

. . . My little girlie, Luda, doesn't know quite what to make of the great big lady doll that came yesterday. She is a little afraid of it and won't touch it, and when I carry her past the bed it lies on, she clings to me and presses her little body close against me. When she did that this morning I couldn't help but think, as I never did before, how Jesus told us to be like little children. It has been a new experience to me to have such a clinging, trustful, loving, obedient little mite for my little child. It's just wonderful. . . . She minds me better than anyone else and yields so sweetly almost every time when her own little way isn't best for her. I shall miss her this summer. She is going with the other cripples to their mountain bungalow at Sztzengan. Miss C., graduate nurse, and a lovely Christian, takes care of them, so I will know she is having the best of care all the time.

Kuling, July 6, 1923.

To H. S.:

I have wished for you more than ever these days. How shall I share with you, with words, the beauty that surrounds us here! It is so restful to be here. Mamma and J. came up the 25th of June and I followed them last Monday. I have been sleeping and sleeping and everything tastes so good up here. I weigh less than I have for years and years, but it won't last, the way I am eating

LUDA

ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD

[Since this picture was taken, her lameness has been much improved through the kindness of the well-known Chinese Christian Orthopedic Surgeon Dr. Way Sung New of Shanghai]

now. And I have a long quiet two hours before breakfast and how precious that is. That is my big need.

Our little cottage is the highest, except one, in Kuling. And the view is correspondingly wonderful. Our front door looks almost straight west and we get all the marvelous beauty of the sunsets while we eat at the supper table. As the sun sinks lower it lights up the distant mountain ranges. We look down, away across a plain with its lakes and rivers to range on range of blue and purple mountains. The Yangtse is so magnificent. From here we get a long view of it. Because we are so high it is always windy. The wind blows all day long and howls all night but we are getting used to that now and it is so restful here. We have a tiny little folding table that serves for eating, writing and many other things. Our dishes are all of Chinese blue porcelain. I am happy every time I sit down to a meal. It is so homelike. The walls and ceilings of our three little rooms are of boards fitted together and stained dark brown. I like them. J. helped me make a cretonne curtain, yellow with golden brown flowers, for our diningroom window. Then she bought a lovely fern ball and hung it in the window and it makes the room so homey.

Last Friday I took my wee girlie, Luda, up to the cripples' summer home in the foothills at Sztzengan. It is about two and a half hours ride by chair. She was too dear for anything. She had a little trunk made of a Standard Oil can that she was as proud of as she could be, and her mosquito net and all her little clothes and towels and sheets. Next summer I plan to go there myself. I can have a little room by myself, and will eat Chinese food with the children, perhaps supplemented by canned fruit. Then I will be near the baby all summer, or at least for one month. Their home is on a beautiful hillside, right

by a fast mountain stream and in a forest of bamboo, pine and camphor. We all felt lost at the hospital after Luda was gone. She certainly is sunshine to us all. I never felt toward another child as I do toward her. . . . Somewhere in my day's work I must make a little place for her every day when I can talk with her and look at things with her. Otherwise I would lose the sweet intimacy with her that is so precious now.

Kuling, August 2, 1923.

To H. S.:

One afternoon when I was down there (in Kiukiang) I took a chair and went up to Sztzengan where the Gracey Home children stay in summer. This year Luda is with them. My little darling! How she has grown and developed in these two months. They had thought I was coming several days earlier, and Luda had had her hair braided with a bright yarn for ribbon and had on a pretty dress and her red satin embroidered slippers all ready to see "mamma." And then she kept asking why I did not come. I took her by surprise this time. All she had on was a little blue, sleeveless romper. She was too precious for words. Too happy to speak when she finally sprang into my arms. She just cuddled up and clung to me. After a while she showed me how she could stand up all alone and she took three steps all by herself running into my arms. She has learned to sing and talk so much. I dream of the joy of a vacation on that beautiful mountainside, with all its beauty of forest and flowing streams, rocks and flowers, with that little child for a companion. For sheer beauty I have seen nothing to equal the landscapes in the valley just below the cripples' cottages there. It is all terraced rice fields with the ever singing streams and the wooded hills on every horizon. When I went

back the sun was setting and every cloud was glorified with colors that shone from the water as well as the sky.

Kiukiang, September 19, 1923.

To H. S.:

Yesterday morning a little thin, blind, slave girl died of tuberculosis in one of the sun rooms. My heart rests more and more in the comfort that God is love. I'm sure that His love takes care of that little pinched soul. . . . I had a beautiful ride in a chair out to Sztzengan last Saturday afternoon. Doctor Chen went with me. We had to inspect the cripples' summer cottages out there. There was a terrific storm the first week of August and the torrents of water came right into one of the houses so that the children were in real danger. Great stones and large trees were swept down by the flood. There had been at least two feet of water in the house, and the floors were covered with a layer of drying mud and gravel several inches thick. The red spider lilies were blooming in masses on the stream banks and by the rice fields. There were many cunning brown buffalo calves running around after their great black mothers. They did not know enough to be afraid of us or get off the path. We washed our faces and hands in a clear pool of the mountain stream before we ate our sandwiches. A little crab stared at us with big eyes from the pool bottom. He though the mud hid him from us. We brought lilies and bitter-sweet home with us.

Nanchang, Sunday, October 21, 1923.

To H. S.:

Bishop Birney has given us heart-searching messages on the supremacy of Jesus Christ in all our life and work. . . . he has a wonderfully sympathetic nature and a deep care for us all, and for all our work.

Kiukiang, November 1, 1923.

To H. S.:

What do you think! Luda can walk. She started out one day this week. She has to go slowly and thoughtfully or she loses her balance from the weak leg, but she can go for ten or twelve feet without stopping. You know how thankful I am. Precious little child! She has started so well that I believe as she gets older she will be able to walk almost naturally. I don't know what is ahead of the little thing, but she is bright and quick to learn. I believe there is something very worth-while that she can do when she grows up.

Kiukiang, December 1, 1923.

To H. S.:

Last Sunday afternoon I got some Bible verses printed in Chinese, red characters, from mother, and then Doctor Chen went out with me to distribute them. We left our more crowded streets and went out into the country. We have "country" inside the city wall, even. Several little children begged us to come and have "meeting worship," they call it, with them. So I promised them I would come and have a meeting for them next Sunday, that is tomorrow. We went on far out to the Little South Gate. There, way up on the wall I spied bitter-sweet, so we went up to the top, and by leaning over I could pick several branches. They were the loveliest bitter-sweet berries I have seen. The stems were crowded, and they are such a fiery red. I have them in a big, green jar and they will be pretty all winter. We went on outside the gate. There the road leads up a high dike between two beautiful lakes. A kingfisher was sitting on a high stone watching for his dinner—a beautiful little bird with a rose breast and shiny turquoise blue back. We saw it catch a little silver fish

and eat it. Out on the hillside past the lakes is a Taoist temple. The nuns there received us most cordially. I gave to them the last of my verses, and they said they would like a book, so I will take a New Testament for them next time. An old man in the temple came out and asked me for cough medicine. I learned from Doctor Chen, while there, that the Taoist nuns and priests have no surname of their own, but go by the name of their god. I had asked one of the nuns what her "honorable name" was, and Doctor Chen told me quickly so as not to embarrass her. Doctor Chen told them before we left of the God who had made all the beautiful things they saw, and what they enjoyed, and hoped they would change their temple to a place to worship Him. They asked us to come again. . . .

Last Saturday we were at Siao Chih Keo, a busy day with the sick folks that called us into their homes. We brought back a woman and her baby with us. The river was so rough with big waves and a fierce wind coming home. It was the Lord's care that kept me, as I carried the baby up the narrow, steeply inclined plank into the junk, for I had to balance myself with no support, and when halfway up a wave rolled in that made the boat and plank rise right up.

Kiukiang, December 15, 1923.

To H. S.:

I had a birthday supper last night all by myself, for when the family was eating I was out with Doctor Tseo and one of my nurses helping to get a baby into the world. The cook had prepared a delicious, fine, course supper and the boy had the table all decorated. They were so disappointed that I was not there. When the boy brought in my cake with its candles, the coolie shot off fire-crackers

outside. The cake is frosted with white, and trimmed with pale pink and green frosting flowers and Chinese characters that say, "Congratulations, Miss Kellogg, happiness for a thousand years." . . .

I have to write twenty-eight letters to individuals and missionary societies in New York who are supporting nurses or beds in the hospital.

Nanchang, January 22, 1924.

To H. S.:

I had not told you in the letter before how grateful little Luda was to you and P—— A—— for her lovely gifts. I wish you could have seen her the morning the children had their tree. Such radiant happiness! Luda learned all the songs the other children did, and sang with them in a number of Christmas programs. She learns very quickly.

One of our cripples died week before last, and another little one is fast slipping away—tuberculosis of the bones. Some of these little children do just grip the heart, their patience and the indescribable look that comes into their brown eyes after years of suffering.

Kiukiang, March 19, 1924.

To H. S.:

We have the dearest Chinese baby in the hospital. Its surname is Kung, the same as mine. It is about two years old, the daughter-in-law of a beggar woman, who got it from a public nursery to bring up as wife for her son, a lad of ten. She took the boy out begging with her one day and left baby in charge of a little daughter only six years old. She thought the baby was cold and put a little open stove of some kind up under the rags next to the baby, and then went out to play. I needn't try to describe the frightful results. We thought for a while we might

save the baby, but now it doesn't seem possible, humanly speaking. Three little ribs are out, on the side that was burned deepest. The mother-in-law is a kind-hearted, simple woman. It may be the baby's suffering will be the means of her salvation. We all love the little mite, it is so patient and appealing.

Sunday, May 14, 1924.

To H. S.:

Mother has been so well most of the time. She does so much sewing for the hospital. . . . The hospital work is very busy lately. I am up nights quite often with obstetrical cases.

Shanghai, aboard steamer, *Nanyang Maru*
June 7, 1924.

To H. S.:

I have been sitting up here on the deck watching and listening, watching and listening, wondering if I had any means to give you an impression of what I see and hear, and wishing you were here with me. . . . The lower deck door, where freight is carried into the hold, is just below where I am sitting. Great chests and bales and boxes are coming in in a steady stream. Two coolies carry one chest between them, slung from a long bamboo pole which rests on their shoulders, with heavy ropes. As they come, they sing, to help keep in step, and some say it makes the strain on the heart lighter, although I don't see how it could. The word singing is perhaps badly abused by applying it to the noise, half yell, half groan that comes from the poor, burdened creatures. But there is a rhythm and cadence to it. It is all in a minor key. The man walking ahead gives out the first sound and the other answers him. I have heard boatmen on the

river junks singing as they pushed their craft along and they have real melody—but these, it is almost too doleful to hear. . . .

June 8, 1924.

Now it is a beautiful morning and we have been on our way up river for five hours. One would think it was the ocean, almost, and not a river. On the other side of the ship, land is visible, a narrow, green ribbon between water and sky, but on this side it is all water. This Yangtze is like a great sea stretching up hundreds of miles into the land. Ocean liners can go up as far as Hankow, which is six hundred miles inland, so great is the volume and depth of the yellow waters. . . .

Shanghai is a tremendous city, very cosmopolitan. The police are about half Sikhs, imported from India by the British. They are regular giants, at least six feet tall, wear plain khaki uniforms, but their skin is darker than the uniform and they invariably have full beards, black and curly. Their long hair is bound up in a turban, which may be black, red or striped with colors. They are altogether imposing and terrifying to look at. The Indian women wear long trousers full above, and bound in tightly at the ankles, and a long silk veil that wraps around the head and covers the body. There are many soldiers and sailors. The British and Scotch I could tell, but there were many others whose uniforms were unfamiliar and their faces strange, probably from the continent somewhere. So many of them looked like mere boys. Shanghai is the place to keep away from if you don't want to spend money. The Chinese and Japanese shops are so alluring, the most beautiful wares and hand work at prices that are ridiculous compared with the gold prices at home. I have learned pretty well to enjoy looking at

these and then go away. I had to buy many things for fellow missionaries at Kiukiang. You would laugh at my cabin. It is stuffed; groceries, rugs, books, hospital supplies of rubber, glass and enamel ware, a lawn-mower and a bed, even, but that is in the hold downstairs.

Kiukiang, July 13, 1924.

To H. S.:

This evening we had a sort of Epworth League meeting for the hospital family. One of the nurses led. The organ was played by a blind girl. It is of the greatest interest to us all to see her read her New Testament and play. She was sent by Doctor Mary Stone to a school for the blind at Hangkow, and is just staying with us here until someone can take her on to Shanghai to Doctor Stone. Her mother, a country woman from near here, has come in to see her and is filled with amazement and gratitude to see what her child can do. All through school time there is Epworth League meeting at Knowles (school). Now school is closed so we started this to take the place of it and class meetings for the summer.

I am the only foreigner left of the missionary community, and I have nothing but Chinese to talk all day long. I am getting my own meals mostly on a cute little charcoal stove that gives an intense heat where you want and doesn't heat the room. I have the best servant. I thank God many times every day for him. He is a great strong fellow, fresh from the country. I never knew a servant more thoughtful and diligent and careful.

Kiukiang, July 21, 1924.

To H. S.:

It is many a happy week since my head put me to bed.

Dr. Chen, too, feels better than she has for years. Since I have been here alone she has been eating with me, and I know it has done her much good to have more nourishing food and fruit. For bread I buy a kind of steamed biscuit that is made on the street. You can peel the white crust off, just like a thin skin, and you are sure the inside is perfectly clean. I like them so much better than the bread you buy here. It is hard and dry the second day.

We are hoping it will not rain for the river is so high. There is a great dike miles and miles long on the other side of the river from us that protects a great stretch of country for miles inland during high water time. This year the water is almost to its top. Thousands of men are watching it day and night for the slightest break, and carrying earth to strengthen the places washed too deeply by water. If it rains or the water gets through, the country will be flooded and a rice famine will almost surely result. The first rice crop this year was a failure due to constant heavy rain. It is just about time now to harvest the second crop. . . .

Now it is Tuesday morning. I have given my two little fish their fresh water and their breakfast of crumbs. And I had fresh tomatoes and scrambled eggs and a bowl of soft rice for mine. I'm going to put on an old dress now and go back to cleaning. My servant works with me. I am thankful for him every day. He is so big and strong, good-tempered and faithful. I am praying "The Light" will shine in and be New Life to him. I am stiff this morning from the exercise I am not used to. I told Dr. Chen it was to put my muscles in better trim so as to get babies for her. Five times now, in hard deliveries, when they had to turn the baby and bring it out feet first, I have had to leave the anesthetic and get the baby's head

out. It takes lots of strength sometimes, but it is a joy to have it to give.

Sztzengan, August 8, 1924.

To H. S.:

I have come up here to the cripples' home to rest. This is the most restful time I have ever had, and I am so thankful I came. This house we bought for the children is a big two-story brick house with deep porches upstairs and down on three sides, and well screened. It is right in the forest of bamboo and pine and camphor trees. My rooms are on a wing built on at the back, so they are separated from the others some and I can be as secluded as I please when I want to be—I have a big, airy room with my own little bathroom and tub, and then another small room where I keep my canned fruit and milk, cheese and crackers. I eat breakfast there alone but other meals with the family. The food is so clean and fresh and appetizing and the mountain air makes me hungry.

Every afternoon I go out for a hike on the mountain. Elsie and Joseph, two little orphans, always come with me, and they are great little companions. I have a long bamboo rod with an iron point for use in climbing, that I always take. Yesterday when the time to start came both the children appeared with a long stick, to be like me. There are so many lovely things on the hillsides. Just now the great white lilies with red splotches on their petals are blooming. There are so many little berries growing everywhere that will be purple, and red, and deep blue when fall comes.

. . . My pictures, my sewing, a few books, and my little gold fish came along with me. Of course little Luda is here. . . . Every morning she comes limping in with

her little white nighty on. She sits by me at the table and keeps an empty chair by her side for me at prayer-time. The children are reading Proverbs through in prayers. I love to be with them all.

I want to share all this with you, dear, the giant butterflies, and the lovely graceful bamboo, and the rocks and the blue sky way up above the green peaks. A large supply of tracts came up with me and scripture texts to give to the people in the clusters of little houses below us. They are so friendly and interesting. They are woodcutters or else farmers. The rice fields are beautiful, still vivid green, but I think I will be able to get pictures of the harvesting before time to go back to Kiukiang.

Sztzengan, Aug. 26, 1924.

To H. S.:

. . . I have three more days up here in this lovely quiet place. Saturday morning before the sun is up, I plan to be on the way down to Kiukiang. Now that I have rested so much, I have stopped playing and am writing letters to those who support hospital beds and nurses. . . . When my back got tired yesterday from keeping at it all day, the amah came and pounded my back gently and rubbed it till it felt so good. And that gave me a chance to talk with her about the Lord. Once I delivered a baby's head for Dr. Peh. The baby was large and it required great strength, continuously applied for several minutes. Something gave way up in my back, though I was not conscious of it till later, and the effects of it never seem to quite leave one.

Last Sunday morning before our little meeting time on the porch, I went off down the path for a walk that led to a nice clean country home. The woman was out on the little porch shelling a kind of tiny dried bean, so I went

and sat with her and helped her shell. A big girl came out with a cunning, plump baby. The woman explained it was not her own, but she was bringing it up as wife for her little son, a bright boy of about five who was running around. Tracts and scripture texts were left for the men, one or two of whom could read, and the woman and her little boy came up with me to meeting, the warm little baby cuddled in my arms. A little later the baby's own mother joined us with three other of her children. So we had quite a little company for church.

Kiukiang, Sept. 24, 1924.

To H. S.:

. . . Classes began this week. I have three in practical nursing, one in gynecology, one in dietetics, one in English for the girls who have trouble with the names of medicines, besides a class meeting, and chapel once a week. . . . I'm underweight all the time but I feel better and work more easily that way.

. . . Did I tell you I was trying to get ready for the midwifery examinations? I haven't done very much toward it, but some. Last week Dr. Chen asked me to deliver a patient and I was delighted with the chance. Everything was lovely. Besides the long examinations, one must deliver twenty cases, five of them abnormal. Dr. Chen has most of the work to do though Dr. Tseo is still here. Last week I scrubbed up and helped her amputate an old woman's foot.

October 22, 1924.

To Miss V. O.:

Are you still hoping to be a nurse, V.? I can not be thankful enough that God gave me a chance to learn to be a nurse. And it seems to me that there isn't any kind

of work a girl can do that brings richer rewards for the time and effort and the life that is put into it. Because it puts into one's hands the power to be helpful to so many, many folks when they are in pain or trouble, and besides it gives one the chance to grow in gentleness and in wisdom and in other ways.

One day a woman came into the hospital and begged the doctor to go out into the country to see her old mother. She had been quarreling with her daughter-in-law, and had eaten the tops of matches to kill herself. Doctor Chen was all alone caring for the patients who came into morning clinic, and as they could not be left, she asked me if I would go to see this old woman, for the sooner she had help the more chance there would be to save her life. Of course, I was delighted, for I do love to go to the people's homes. One of my student nurses went with me, and we carried all the medicines and instruments that were necessary to carefully carry out all of Doctor Chen's instructions. We rode for about an hour in rickshas out into the beautiful green hills and fields in the country. When the wide road could take us no further, we got out of the rickshas and walked for two miles or so more on little high mud paths winding between the rice fields. Often we had to jump across the irrigating streams where they flowed across our paths. At last we came to a cluster of farm cottages, in one of which our patient waited. So many neighbor women with their bright-eyed children and cunning babies crowded into the little room to watch all we did. We had to get some of them out so the woman could have air. After we had given her all the care we could, we left more medicine to counteract the poison, explaining to her folks over and over just how she was to take it, and what they should give her to eat that would not increase the

inflammation in her stomach, then took our long tramp back to the road again. Several days later I met a relative of our patient in the city, and to my great joy learned that the dear old mother had recovered. It's worth everything to be able to help at a time like that, and to make the relief that is given an introduction to telling all the folks that have crowded into the house about our Lord, who longs to save them all, and His love.

Today we took in another little cripple girl for our cripples' home. She is hunch-back, eight years old. Her poor little body is covered with a skin disease that so many poor children in unclean homes get. So we have put her in the hospital skin ward until her skin is clean and whole. Then she will go to live with our other dear children. This little one is so sweet and trustful and unafraid. I think she is a little homesick tonight, for there were traces of tears in her eyes, but she wouldn't admit it.

Kiukiang, Nov. 11, 1924.

To H. S.:

One girl is from a government school and all she knows of the Bible is what she has learned since coming here. She got up and said, "I can not choose a Scripture text and tell where it is and talk about it, for these things are new to me. But I heard the aged Mrs. Shan (our old Bible woman) speaking the other day, repeat a verse which I have remembered. It was this: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out' and I have come to Him and I know He has not cast me out." My heart was very full, and I saw tears in the eyes of her roommate, Miss T., one of the finest Christian girls I have ever known. I knew that testimony was in answer to her prayers.

Kiukiang, Nov. 30, 1924.

To H. S.:

We all had Thanksgiving dinner together. We had Bishop Birney with us. He is just back from General Conference in U. S. A. Our yearly conference begins tomorrow. It is so good to have the Bishop back again. It seemed as though it was like home with the father gone when he was so far away in the U. S. . . .

Last Sunday we were called out to a home. A young woman was having her first baby. She was having convulsions. They thought demons made them, and every time one came on they all shrieked out her name, beat her face with their hands and a knife, pulled her hair, stopped her nose, burned spirit paper. It was terrible. Four women could hardly hold her down. When we arrived they said, "Now there is no need to fear. They have come, and the vile spirits will not dare to come near where they are." We rushed the poor girl to the hospital, hastening on the two men who carried the little bamboo cot we roped her onto, swung by ropes from a long pole, and we were able to save her fine big boy. The girl looks like an entirely different person now that the danger is past and the swelling and discolored bruises are leaving her face.

Kiukiang, Jan. 14, 1925.

To H. S.:

It snowed twice last week, big wet flakes, and got so chill and cold. On account of the fighting we could not get coal this year, so I work at my desk with my feet in the wastepaper basket and my warm, fur-lined coat on. Then just my hands get stiff and cold so that they had rheumatism and many pains.

May 6, 1925.

To V. O.:

Last night I was walking for a while under the palm trees in the moonlight and thinking of all the beauty and love and happiness that God has poured into my life here. I am so unworthy of it all. When God was leading me to this place He did it by sending me a great disappointment and trouble and pain. I thought because I could not go the way I had planned that I was a failure and it was no use to try, for I could not understand what He was doing or planning. But now it is so plain that He was leading all the time and had joys and opportunities for service waiting for me that were more wonderful than any I could think of for myself. I suppose it is something like my old gardener and my roses. He doesn't let them have their own way at all. He chooses the soil for them and waters them, and prunes them down pretty severely, but only to bring forth the exquisite colors and marvelous fragrance that a wild rose can never have.

Kuling, July 19, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . Last evening some of us went to "The Caves" for supper. It is a deep cave in the mountain side where three springs come right out of the rock. It has been a place where pilgrims have come for years and years to gain merit by worshiping, and drinking the water. An old Taoist priest cares for the place and keeps incense burning at the shrine. The sunset was just beautiful beyond all words. You look right out over the broad river valley, terraced rice fields, low hills, lakes, the vast sweep of the river, and beyond, range after range of mountains, stretching away till they are lost in the blue and purple

haze. And then the whole expanse of sky is like an immeasurable canvas, and every glorious color and every imaginable delicate tint are poured over it in such lavish beauty. Then there is the afterglow that is caught and reflected by the streams and pools so far, far below. They look like glowing pink jewels, surrounded as they are with deep vivid green. Then comes the dusk and the burning evening star.

July 25, 1925.

To V. O.:

You will find, dear, when you have become a nurse that the possibilities for beauty in that life are amazing. You will find beauties in the character of those you work with and of those for whom you care—a tenderness, patient, brave endurance, self-sacrifice, gratitude. You will find beauty in the order and exactness and precision of your work. You will find that the trials and temptations of your life will give you rare opportunities to grow into the beauties of self-control and holiness. You will have beautiful little, soft, warm babies to care for. Oh, how precious they are! I love the little Chinese ones with their silky long black hair.

Kuling, Aug. 8, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . Last week the Kuling Convention was held, and the principal speaker was Doctor Mack, president of Union Theological Seminary, of Richmond, Va. The theme of his lectures or sermons was "Christ in the Old Testament" and how vivid and real and precious he made the Lord to us all. He is a man of marvelous scholarship but of such a sweet, humble spirit and he seemed to be so deeply in love with Jesus Christ Himself. His three

THE NURSES GRADUATING FROM DANFORTH HOSPITAL IN 1931
MISS KELLOGG AND DR. LING (center)

sermons from the book of Isaiah, I shall never forget. I could not keep back the tears with the floods of feeling that swept over me. He was so true to the Word of God and to Christ.

Kuling, Aug. 23, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . The warm afternoon sun is flooding the green peaks across the valley. I just came back from distributing some tracts and booklets to passersby on the road that comes up to town through this valley. First I talked with the two grinning little boys that herd cows out on the mountain sides where there are no homes. Then I went on till I heard a baby yelling, and going in to see why, its mother called out to me in a strident voice to take the baby, a boy about eighteen months old, away and sell it. She was tired and angry. Their home was one of a small group of dirty huts with mud floors and grass roofs. There were about ten small children, and as many grown-ups all hard at work at something. The irate mother was making the sole of a shoe. She asked me to sit down by her on the bench, what we used to call at home a sawhorse, and the Lord came near to quiet and comfort the children and the worn mother. Oh, how I thank the Lord for all the toil and hardness of the way that I used to know, calloused hands and aching back and feet, that make possible for me a real natural companionship with such folks now.

Kiukiang, Sept. 9, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . It is still the cool of the morning of a glad new day. The flowering myrtle trees' branches bend with the weight of their thousand purple flowers, and the snap-

dragons smile on my breakfast table. The loveliest part of the year is almost here, and you are very much in my thoughts and love.

. . . Yesterday morning I came down to the hospital before roll call, and found the dispensary nurses and Dr. Lee already at work with a girl who had eaten opium to kill herself. Our hearts ached for her. She seemed to be possessed by a devil. She was in a terrible temper so that it took four of us to hold her down at all, she fought and writhed and resisted treatment so violently. The sleeve of her old jacket got torn some in the fray. When her eye caught sight of the rent she went into a worse tantrum and ripped and tore it up, at the same time blaming us for spoiling her clothes. After she had gotten down a good deal of medicine, she determined to go and the girls could not hold her. I think they were afraid of her. We stopped her in the gatehouse and carried her back bodily, got her fixed comfortably in bed and brought her a blue linen jacket, an old nurses' jacket, but clean and whole. When her husband came to get her home after an hour, she was a different woman, quiet, grateful and regretful of her wild behaviour. I think she must have grown up without ever learning to control herself or her temper at all.

. . . G. is due to reach Shanghai in eight days now. I get so excited at the thought of having her here in my own home with me. I wish I could go to Shanghai to meet her, but that can not be.

Kiukiang, Sept. 27, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . Only three precious hours with G. yesterday evening, from six to nine o'clock. Then the pain of a widening, ever widening stretch of water, and a dear face

disappearing in the darkness! But how I thank God for those three hours. G. wanted me to join her and go up to Hankow. It would have given us a day together. But with Dr. Chen gone it was impossible, and she could not miss the express out of Hankow tomorrow night.

. . . My heart is very heavy because I have to expel two of the girls. They are neither of them very promising and have been a problem at one time and another. They were both on night duty, one upstairs and one down. They went into a room with empty beds and went to sleep. The cries of a poor patient in acute distress woke me, way up in my house, and I put on a kimono and came down to see what the trouble was. I am so hurt. I feel as though it were my fault. I always think if I followed Christ more closely, my girls would, too. And though I do not know of any stumbling block I have put in their way, I can not but think if I had prayed more, it might not have happened. But girls who can have so little care for the lives entrusted to them, can not be trusted, that is all. I am specially distressed for one of these girls, for I do not know what she can do or where she can go. I sent her away before, but her foster-mother begged so piteously that I took her back for another chance, rather against the judgment of the Chinese supervisors.

Danforth, Dec. 9, 1925.

To H. S.:

. . . We were up at three o'clock this morning, and out under the brilliancy of the stars and an old moon, then back home again while dawn turned the sky the softest pink and the mountains deep purple. Can you imagine the beauty of the dark flight of hundreds of geese in their living wedge against such a morning sky?

The beauty of it all was in such contrast to the misery and suffering we tried to relieve.

Kiukiang, Jan. 3, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . Have I told you of my new baby, little Pearl? She was born here about nineteen months ago. Her mother was a graduate of Rulison, our girls' high school, and had taught many years in the mission schools. She died about a week after she left the hospital when the baby was a month old. They brought the little thing back to the hospital and she has grown up here with a wet nurse. She is just being weaned now. She is the cunningest, brightest little mischief one could wish for. She started calling me "mamma" herself, from hearing Luda call me that, and I love to have her. I haven't been able to teach her yet to let me leave her pleasantly. She weeps lustily when I must leave her.

Kiukiang, Feb. 12, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . My baby is here with me, taking your letters one by one, and pretending to read them with many queer little noises. . . . God keep you, my dear, dear friend every, every day, and make me ready to see your loved face again in His own time.

Kiukiang, March 26, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . Our work here has grown. We have more in-patients and more outcalls and larger income than last year. That means more chance to tell folks about Jesus.

Kiukiang, June 9, 1926.

To H. S.:

The country was a dream of quiet beauty. The city (Chin Teh Cheng) is ancient and huge. Sometime will Dr. Chen and I be released to go to these great needy suffering interior cities, I wonder? . . . Baby Pearl has been playing around me while I was writing. Since she got over the measles this winter she has grown amazingly. She is so sturdy and looks so cunning in her little red flowered coat with the black pigtail of hair wrapped with red yarn. She is full of all kinds of tricks, and learning to talk fast. I wish she could have a good home. She gets into everything and I sometimes tremble when I think of the medicine cupboards and her prying little fingers.

Kuling, July 6, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . I came up here yesterday, Saturday afternoon, out of a heat such as I have never known, to this coolness and beauty. I brought up one of my dear girls in the youngest class of nurses, who has a bad case of rapidly developing tuberculosis, to the hospital for Chinese, to see if the mountain air can help her. She is an orphan girl and practically penniless, but a girl of fine intellect and faithful, earnest heart. After dinner I must go and see her. She was quite exhausted by the long climb up in the chair.

Kuling, Aug. 16, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . Last night I learned the name of my boat, *President Jackson,* sailing October 11. I expect to leave home on October 4. F. C. and I will have about two

weeks together. I am so thankful she has come at last. Pray for me, my H., for I am very human and it is hard to tear away from the place and the people whom I can not but love deeply, especially hard for me when I see it is hard for them. I shall crave the tugging of little hands on my skirts, and the embrace of tiny arms, and being called "My mamma, my mamma."

(Aug. 17.) . . . Last Sunday I went off alone for the day with my Bible and sat under a rock on a green mountain side. It was my last Sunday here. It is lovely here at the house but sometimes rather gay, and I needed to be with the Lord. A little Chinese boy and girl came onto the opposite hill slope, each carrying a curved knife with a long handle which they use for cutting brush. Although I was sitting very still, and they were really far away, their bright eyes spied me. They raced off and presently returned with some women and big boys and a man, all chattering excitedly. I think they thought I was dead. The man came over and we had a good chat together, then they all departed in peace.

Kiukiang, Sept. 21, 1926.

To H. S.:

. . . These are terrible days. Disease and famine and civil war are at, and within, our doors. We have been going every afternoon to some matting sheds where homeless people from across the river may find a temporary shelter. The place is a lazar house of filth, misery, and suffering. Even the dead lie there unburied.

Last night the whole city was in terror of looting by the army of defeated soldiers that have come here. The general demanded a million dollars from the merchants. The Chamber of Commerce did not know how they could

possibly get that much. They offered fifty thousand. Things were at a deadlock and looting was imminent. The danger is not over yet. The soldiers take even women to carry their loads—forced labor with no pay. It is pitiful.

VI

FURLOUGH

MISS KELLOGG left China for furlough in America in December, 1926.

The months at home were a time both of great pleasure, and also of very constant activity. What might be termed leisure time, always meant to her an opportunity for Bible study and the deepening of the spiritual life.

At home her activities, in the main, were given to visits of no very great length to members of her family, speaking to groups who were interested either in the support of Danforth Hospital or of herself personally, and the taking of a rather extensive course in pathology at the Wesley Hospital in Chicago.

A friend who found Miss Kellogg, on furlough, busily at work in her garden, doing real manual labor, asked her why she did not take her time at home for much needed rest, to which she smilingly replied, "I must keep my muscles strong, to deliver the babies when I get back to China."

On her return to China, she sailed from America in November, 1927.

Extract From a Letter

Wheaton, Ill., 1927.

To H. S.:

The red coals glow and the little blue flames crackle

on the old appletree log in the grate. I have been dreaming before the fire, and in memory seeing you in the hallway by the library door at school thirteen long years ago; seeing you with the red sweater on out under an old apple tree, with a big red apple in each hand; seeing many lovely pictures of you through those other years; seeing you as I saw you yesterday—I can hardly speak of it—lest I spoil with words an expression I would give you of my very deep and tender love for you.

VII

THE SECOND TERM

WHEN Miss Kellogg entered her second term, which began on her return to China in December, 1927, there commenced the years of her fullest and most far-reaching service. It would seem that she came back with a greater consecration, if that were possible, than when she came to China for the first time, and to the Chinese friends and hospital patients, and the patients' friends and relatives, she gave herself without reserve. The missionary group wanted more of her society, but her duties kept her constantly at the hospital and at the homes of the sick, and Sundays, when her foreign friends would gladly have had her spend the weekend with them, she was especially busy with the services for which she was responsible at Danforth.

Her dress, as previously, was partly Chinese, and, whereas she kept something of the diet she had had at home, it was for the most part Chinese food.

Miss Kellogg was an outstanding example of the fact that the most deep and intense spirituality is not incompatible with a most unusual and painstaking attention to each smallest detail that concerns everyday occupations. One recalls the great Missionary to the Gentiles, who must also, with his exalted spirit, have been exceedingly good in his technical work. While one may find it difficult to imagine him receiving orders for tents and delivering the finished product, yet

we know he must have done so, and was not only able to support himself in a strange and somewhat hostile environment, but also the people who were with him. In his address to the Ephesian elders, he says: "Ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me."

How Miss Kellogg got through the work of each day, and continued without intermission day after day, is nothing short of a marvel. She was, of course, the head nurse of the hospital and carried the responsibility for the nurses in their ward work. This, with so active a service as the Danforth Hospital had, was a work which many people would have regarded as in itself, enough for one person. But, in addition, she was the head of the Nurses' Training School and taught a great many of the classes herself.

Those who do not know Chinese can not understand the amount of preparatory work necessary to conduct classes in that language, especially in such technical subjects as anatomy and physiology, in which she was able to write the names of the bones and muscles on the blackboard in the Chinese characters.

In addition to this, Miss Kellogg was the treasurer of the hospital, sending out all orders and paying all bills, and showing so much ability in handling finances as not only to keep the hospital well painted and repaired, but in her last year to have saved enough to build a doctor's residence. The plans for this pretty home she drew herself and supervised the construction.

In this house her interest and endeavor centered upon the room for Dr. Chen. This room was located on the ground floor, because of Dr. Chen's heart

trouble, and it had a door by which one entered the lower hallway, but it also had a door which led directly into the garden.

Further than this, Miss Kellogg was the hospital pathologist, constantly using the results of the course in pathology taken during her furlough at the Wesley Hospital in Chicago. Few people know how time-consuming is this particular branch of medical work, with its prolonged searching of slides with a microscope, as a part of the day's work. Like everything else which she did, this was done with real skill and painstaking accuracy. She also was ultimately responsible for the supervision and management of the hospital servants.

Besides this, a great part of the maternity work, which is one of the leading activities of the hospital, fell to her share. This was so before the illness of Dr. Chen, but was much more so afterwards, since Dr. Chen could not undertake the physically difficult work of the harder maternity cases. Miss Kellogg had taken special training in obstetrics and was exceedingly proficient in this department.

Perhaps the greatest physical strain of such a life came through having her sleep continually interrupted. Not only was she called on to help on the maternity cases in the hospital itself (and the majority of such cases, as is well known, come at night), but she also went out into the city on expeditions of considerable length, and into the country, as well.

It has been said that the test of character comes about two o'clock in the morning, a fact which is somewhat borne out by our Lord's parable of the importunate

neighbor. Not everybody who will read this memorial can realize what it is like, after an exhausting day, to be called up in the middle of the night for further prolonged service, and the triumph, in the case of Miss Kellogg, was not alone that she responded to the ceaseless demands, but that her love for Christ and her love for His needy ones was so great that the response was a willing and an eager one.

More than anything besides, Miss Kellogg was the shepherd of Danforth Hospital, conducting Bible classes and Sunday services, for which much preparation was needed, and giving time individually to the nurses themselves, and spending time alone with the Lord in anxious prayer for them. She was an outstanding example of what may be styled "Scriptural holiness."

Such a recital of duties as the above might give some people the feeling that they were too strenuous to admit of any sense of freedom or of joy. It seems very obvious that only a nature which was wholly given in consecration to God and to others, would even attempt such a program, and it is still more clear that only the deepest devotion could carry through such activities with victorious gladness, for hers was a very happy life—genuinely, profoundly happy—a fact attested by those who knew her, and by her letters to friends at home. It is true there were certain occupations which Miss Kellogg enjoyed more than others, such as Bible study, alone or with Dr. Chen or with her nurses; spending a little time at the end of the day with some of the smallest of the children or babies in the hospital; or working among her flowers; but she

had reached the place in her spiritual development when she did not have to do anything special "to have a good time," for all life was joy, lived, as it was, in conformity with the Divine Will.

Her relaxation in her garden, which could not, of course, be accorded much time, was a source of real refreshment. Her roses lined the path leading from the house where she lived with Dr. Chen, to the hospital. They ministered their messages of cheer and fragrance to her, without her pausing for a moment in going to and from her work. So thorough was her conduct of this avocation, that her flowers' sicknesses made somewhat the same appeal to her as did the diseases of the patients in their beds in the wards. She had books on horticulture and knew how to encourage growth, and check disease and parasites. Needless to say, her flowers were the best to be found.

When the little package of bulbs which she had ordered from Holland was delayed so long in the Shanghai postoffice by the unsettled conditions in China as to reach Kiukiang dry and dead, she only said that she supposed she had set her heart too much on them and that it was better that they should not arrive in time.

But the greatest joy which Miss Kellogg derived from her garden lay in the fact that through it she could give so much pleasure to others, not only to her beloved Dr. Chen, but to many a patient in the Danforth wards, and to her co-laborers from America. This particular part of her outgoing thoughtfulness for others stayed with her to the very last, and when she was so ill as to be almost on the verge of unconscious-

ness, she still directed the giving out of her flowers when they were cut each morning, to this or that friend in the Danforth compound, or to some missionary family.

Loyalty—a virtue of all great hearts—became more conspicuous than ever during the winter of 1930 to 1931, when the beloved doctor and friend and co-worker, Dr. Chen, became seriously ill. Heart disease, and a dangerously high blood pressure necessitated her being inactive for some months. During this time the love and devotion of Miss Kellogg to her sick doctor were both beautiful and touching to see.

A most tremendous weight of work devolved on Miss Kellogg, and for a long time both nursing and medical responsibilities became hers. It was a period of strain which would either have been impossible, or else would have to be borne with the eagerness which rises to meet such an opportunity to serve; and as such Miss Kellogg accepted it all.

From the activities of the hospital she constantly spared a moment to run up to the house for a word and an encouraging smile to the patient at home, who was so continually on her heart. She seemed to feel that it was only a privilege to assume very much of the work which the doctor had previously done. As spring came on, it was Miss Kellogg's joy, when her garden produced some special flower which could be brought to the sick friend. As the season advanced, her garden supplied some new flower with some different and delicate shade almost every morning, and the special flower of the day was apt to be in a vase by itself, on a little

table beside the bed, where her friend could look at it from where she lay.

Resourcefulness was an outstanding characteristic with her. One instance of Miss Kellogg's ingenuity and efficiency was seen in her assisting in tonsillectomy cases at Danforth Hospital. She found an old stethoscope and cut it in half, using the curved piece to enter the nostril of the patient. Somewhere she had discovered an old bellows, and from that, as it lay on the floor, and was pumped by one of her feet, a tube led up to an ether bottle which stood in a bowl of warm water to promote its volatilization. From this bottle a tube ran to another bottle, from whose bubbling it was possible to gauge how fast the ether was being given to the patient, and then the vapor entered the patient's nose through the piece of stethoscope. Aside from carefully working the bellows, and seeing that the anesthetic was not given too rapidly, Miss Kellogg would handle the patient, feeling the pulse or opening the eye to look at the pupil and holding the head in a convenient position with her left hand, while with her right she held a flashlight above the patient's mouth, over long stretches of time, directing its beam to the field of operation, which she could not herself see, with a most surprising accuracy.

There was a serenity—a peace—in Miss Kellogg's nature that told of the mental and spiritual atmosphere in which she lived. This showed itself in many ways, one of them being the readiness with which she gave her time to hear anyone's story of distress or perplexity, or met with calmness and resourcefulness the emergencies that arose. There was no evidence of rush or

hurry, and one would not have suspected—and, indeed, few knew—how many and how pressing were the duties demanding her time and attention.

During the strenuous months of the work for the flood refugees in the winter of 1931-32, Miss Kellogg was not only most active in attending to many cases in clinic and hospital, but she also cared for those who were even more to be pitied, out in the wretched little straw shelters which either they, or the city had put up. One young woman of the Women's Board who often went with her on her errands of mercy to the refugee camps, says that when she saw her kneeling on the ground ministering to one of the sick refugees, who might be lying on only a little straw strewn on the bare ground, the ministry being not alone to physical but also to spiritual needs, she could only think of the ministry of our Lord Himself.

Among the many who were helped and blessed by Miss Kellogg's concern in their spiritual welfare was a large, ungainly-looking coolie, who was a servant of the hospital. For him she planned and prayed in order that she might bring about in his heart a spiritual awakening, and he certainly showed the results of her influence. During the strenuous winter days of the refugee relief work, the Danforth nurses got together quite a number of warm stockings to give out in one of the camps. Those who had entered into any distribution work knew how difficult it was because of the extreme need, and therefore the extreme eagerness of the people, which amounted, at times, almost to frenzy. The Danforth nurses had planned the distribution without taking this into account, and Miss

Kellogg felt that a much more inconspicuous method would be both better and safer. However, the nurses had gotten the gifts together, and their counsel prevailed. They chose the largest and strongest of the hospital coolies, who was the one for whom Miss Kellogg had already labored spiritually, to carry the basket with the gifts. When the refugees discovered that there were gifts in this basket, they knocked down the coolie and rifled the basket, in which process he not only lost his hat, but got well pummeled in the bargain. None the less, he came out of the fray smiling and good-natured.

Miss Kellogg's love of music and her musical ability were both a joy to herself and to others. It amounted almost to an avocation; and her rich alto voice in the mission quartet added much to the Sunday afternoon services, which were conducted in English. The last time she sang was in a duet with the soprano of the quartet, and the hymn was "Forever with the Lord." The soprano's mother, in a letter to Mrs. Kellogg, later on, writes:

"It seems but yesterday they sang 'Forever with the Lord',

> 'Here in the body pent
> Absent from Him I roam
> Yet nightly pitch my moving tent. . . .'

her voice came out so triumphantly,

> 'By death I shall escape from death
> And life eternal gain' ".

This had also made an impress on Miss Kellogg's own heart. On April 19 she wrote to her mother:

"Last Sunday Rose Waldron and I sang 'Forever With the Lord' in Foreign Church. The message of that verse and hymn is increasingly precious."

LETTER EXTRACTS

American Mail Line
S.S. *President Jackson,*
Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1927.

To H. S.:

. . . There is something wonderful and awe-inspiring, walking around the deck of this great ship day after day, seeing nothing ahead or on any side but the sky and the dark restless waters. I know of nothing in nature that more adequately illustrates to us the love of our Father, its length and breadth and depth and height. How can we ever come to a comprehension of it? It seems as though the more one learns of that love, the more one realizes its infinite limitlessness! Every day brings its new tender precious expressions of that love. . . . I have been placed in the dining room at the table of the chief engineer, Mr. ——, a Scandinavian seaman of very wide experience. As the list of cabin passengers is very small there is no one else at our table, so he has expressed his views to me on many subjects and asks for mine. With all his courtesy and kindliness of manner, his viewpoint on Orientals and their affairs is a worldly one, and of course is very different from mine. . . . he shook his head when I said I knew Chinese to whom I looked up intellectually and spiritually as my superiors. So I pray for wisdom to say the right things before I go to the table, and wish that he himself would be saved.

Kiukiang, Dec. 26, 1927.

To H. S.:

. . . It is more than two weeks already since I reached Kiukiang. Everything about the hospital looks very natural. The fall has been warm and there are many flowers still blooming. The matron and the gardener had them all through my rooms, roses, chrysanthemums, and marigolds. There have been so many, many things to hear about, learning in detail of the hard, hard days when Communism had the upper hand in the city, and of the wonderful leading and protecting love of God through it all.

I do not know whether I told you or not of the mat sheds erected for flood refugees last year, where we were doing relief work almost every day in September just before I went home. One of the most pitiable cases we tried to help was a poor woman lying, burned up with fever and wasted with terrible disease, right down in the thick dust without even a bit of straw for a bed. She gave birth to a dead baby there, and the next day we had her carried to the hospital. Her husband died there in the mat sheds. Dr. Chen saved her little boy from being sold away. The woman was in bed six months. Now she is strong and well and does the hospital mending. Last Sunday she took the first step in church membership. She seems to have had a real experience of the saving grace of the Lord Jesus. I like to talk with her. She was down with the rest of the folks at the boat to meet me but I did not know her at all. She was so totally changed from when I left.

The little children have grown so, and are so dear. We have two dear little tots, children of officials whose mothers have died, for whom we are caring. The father of one came to see her the other day in his soldier's uni-

form. He sat there holding the precious little child, his bodyguard, with a machine gun on his back, and revolver at side, standing by. It was a picture indeed.

Kiukiang, January 23, 1928.

To H. S.:

This is the China New Year Day. Almost all the patients went home and none came in today at all. This is the great holiday of the year and everyone wants to be at home having a good time. It was hard to sleep last night because of the insistent rattle of firecrackers. So we are glad for quiet tonight. I have just come up from the hospital where I went to say goodnight to one of my dear nurses who has been very ill with malignant malaria, and to pray with a poor suffering woman who has tuberculosis of the bones. She can not move her limbs at all. She says since she has begun to pray to Jesus she feels better every day, less pain, less fever, and more strength. She is so patient and uncomplaining. She really is some better. If she should recover it would be nothing less than a miracle. Perhaps when the sun grows warm we can give her sunlight treatment for her terrible tuberculous abscesses.

Kiukiang, March 3, 1928.

To H. S.:

Just a couple of hours ago I returned from an interesting trip with Doctor Chen and one of my senior nurses, to a city about sixty miles south of Kiukiang, on the railroad going to Nanchang, our provincial capital. The wife of the stationmaster was in labor, and unable to give birth to a child. They telegraphed up for us yesterday morning, but the message reached us too late to catch the 9 o'clock passenger train. So we had to wait, and go on a freight train at five in the afternoon. There was

one box car fitted up with wooden seats. There were no ordinary steps to the car. We were pulled up by the strong hands of men. All the other passengers were men, mostly soldiers. We had peanuts, bananas and oranges for supper. There is no water to be had, so oranges are most refreshing, and peanuts and bananas are kept clean in their shells and skins for us.

We reached our destination about 8:30. There were no lights in the car except the glowing ends of cigarettes, but the moonlight was wonderful, and showed the scenery and little villages, almost as plainly as in daylight. We often prayed on the way that the Lord would use us to save the woman's life, and were so thankful when we reached there at last, that we were not too late.

They had used many different methods to keep the evil spirits away from the woman so that she would not die. Three guns were placed outside the bedroom door. In the room was a hideous idol with four eyes, sitting on a table, with incense burning before it. A large fishing net had been hung from the four corners of the ceiling, to keep devils from coming down from above. At the foot of the bed were a paper umbrella and branches of willow trees with their tiny new leaves just beginning to peek out. A paper with red, sacred characters written on it, hung on the bed. All these things were to protect the poor woman from her invisible enemies. Dr. Chen tore the paper down, and had them take the net away before she began work, telling them that we trust in the only true God and that He only can protect and help. We had prayers with the women of the household and with the patient too, and left scriptures and tracts with them. They prepared our beds, boards laid on sawhorses in the railroad station. . . . This morning we went away from the tracks out into the beautiful fields where wheat

and vetch and oil plants were growing. The "oil plant" is not the real name. It is a plant raised in great quantities for its seed, from which a nutritious oil is pressed. It has clusters of small yellow-gold flowers, something like mustard flowers. They are quite fragrant and the sight of field after field of the bright golden flowers is most beautiful. We sat down on the wall of earth bordering a little field and had our morning prayers together, out in the fresh air and sunshine. We came back to Kiukiang on another freight train that came along the middle of the morning. No words can tell how good hot water and soap felt, and sleep will be sweet tonight.

Kiukiang, April 3, 1928.

To H. S.:

Your last letter reached me just after my return home Sunday evening from a five-day trip into the country with Dr. Chen. We went with two gentlemen to see the wife of one of them who has not been up for four years. She is mildly insane and has a cancer. We travelled by train, sailboat, wheelbarrow and afoot. The time of year is ideal, warm but not hot, no mosquitoes or flies, and all the earth is radiant with fresh green and millions of flowers, white and red and bright gold fields of them stretching away off to the dim mountains. The mud walls that curve round the little fields are bright with buttercups, wandering-jews and millions of tiny violets, deep purple and white. Lovely wild lilacs and bridal-wreath are blooming on any uncultivated spot, and the lovely pink peach trees by the farm houses are unspeakably beautiful.

Our patient's husband is a very wealthy man who lives in a great country estate. We had a large room for our own use. The big bed was of red lacquered wood. The windows opening on the court were of tough thin paper

fastened over a framework carved with spring blossoms. Every kindness was shown us and we were thankful to be of help to a good many folks there as well as Mrs. H., the one we went to see. We had a very peaceful time. Bandits had broken into a farm of our hostess lately and robbed, as well as carrying off three girls and holding them till ransom money was paid. But we met nothing but kindness and consideration all the way.

Kuling, August 16, 1928.

To H. S.:

We and our hospital work are kept in peace and God has given us such a beautiful spirit of cooperation and a mutual helpfulness among the leaders. I praise Him every day for it. But there is distress enough in some places. There is really a great deal of Communism in the Province, and banditry, with violence and often murder. Last week there were seven women in the hospital recovering from wounds. One woman had twenty-six on her body, six on her chest and one lung was punctured, but she was recovering nicely, last word.

Kiukiang, November 1, 1828.

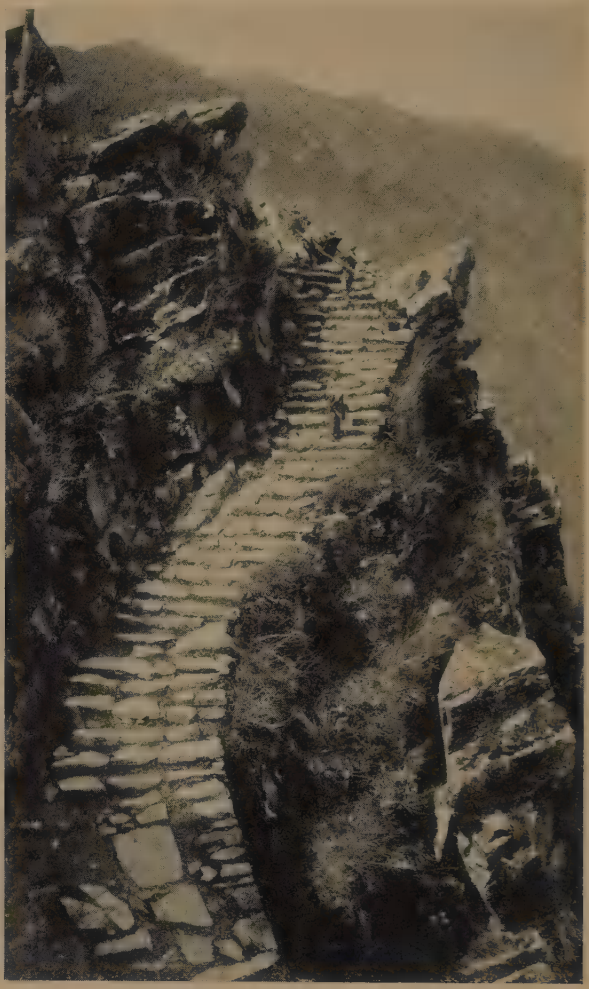
To H. S.:

Last night was prayer meeting night, but we were out in General Wu's home for the birth of a grandchild. Before I got to bed a girl of eighteen was carried in from twenty-five miles away. She had been shot by a robber after her husband had been killed before her. Early in the morning a woman who quarreled and then ate opium was brought in. The days seem very full, and nights, too.

Kiukiang, December 13, 1928.

To H. S.:

More than half this day was spent in a tiny little mud-



THE KULING TRAIL

floored room caring for a young girl in labor. Across the tiny courtyard outside, in the opposite house, were two lovely babies in rude wooden cradles. The cradles were almost filled up with rice straw to make a warm nest. They both had on "dog bonnets," so called because of the two little fur ears projecting from the top. I went over and washed their eyes with boric solution and cotton and combed and braided the hair of an older child, called "Fragrant Peach." Our little oil stove brought warmth and a cheerful yellow light in the semi-darkness, for we had to put down the paper window to keep out the chill wind.

Last Saturday was my afternoon off. I took a long trip out into the country to see a woman who used to work for us, who is dying with cancer. One of the hospital boys went along to carry a basket of good and easily prepared food for her, and some medicine. I love the country places. Even now, when most everything is brown and bare, the bright green sprouts of the winter wheat and oil plants are pushing up; here and there a tree was still covered with glowing scarlet leaves, and dear little black and white birds with burnt-orange tail feathers hopped around in the bushes. I found poor old Mrs. Ko in much pain and weakness, but trusting in Jesus our Lord and with no traces of idolatry in her home of two tiny rooms. Dozens of women and children crowded in to see her, till I had to ask them to move so as to have a space on the floor to kneel down for prayer.

Sunday night, October 25, 1931.

To her mother:

There is a dear Christian young woman, Miss Hwang, here having treatments for her ears. She is a graduate of the Bible School in Nanking, but of late years she has been living in her country home, caring for her aged mother

and teaching the children and preaching the Gospel in her own town. Miss Hwang has taken our morning service both last Sunday and today. It has been such a special kind Providence to have her here. For last Sunday at church time I was sewing up a young girl's throat, cut through into the windpipe with a heavy chopping knife, and today I hoped to be at church to listen. But just as I was starting to ring the bell, a call came to go far down in the city.

We went, but the man was persuaded to let his wife come back with us. She has been worn out and put into a fever by three days of midwife's attention. I think if she has a chance to recuperate from it, she may have her baby all right in due time.

When we got back a man had brought his wife to the gate. She has tuberculosis and heart disease with dropsy. They are flood victims, and she was in the hospital a few days awhile ago. While I was drawing the fluid off from her abdomen, Dr. Chen taught her and her husband of the Lord. When she mentioned Jesus' name and praying to Him, the poor girl began to repeat the little prayer, "Jesus save me. Be my advocate. Forgive my sins." She said a nurse had taught it to her when she was here before.

This afternoon I went to see a young woman on a little house boat. She had her first baby about two weeks ago, and now has dysentery and pneumonia. I worked with her for an hour, left medicines and told them to bring her to the hospital, but she may not live till morning, though her pulse was better when I left. I was glad for a chance to talk to her husband. He is not an idolater, but he had not heard of God or the Lord Jesus and was very willing to listen. He was very kind and gentle with his wife.

VIII

COMMENCEMENT

EARTH'S Graduation Day comes early to some. Christlikeness and maturity of the spiritual life, we recognized in her, but how little we thought how soon she was to leave us.

Miss Kellogg's last illness began with a rather mild case of typhoid which was suspected by others from the beginning, as being that disease. Miss Kellogg had had a severe case of typhoid as a young girl, and this usually gives immunity for life, so she scarcely thought it was typhoid, and she did not feel that she could stop work, because of Dr. Chen's heart trouble. She feared that if she should go to bed, some difficult maternity case would come to Dr. Chen, that might put her back in as bad a condition as she had been some months before. What was particularly regrettable was, that just at this time, Dr. Ling, a doctor from Shanghai, who with her little family had come to help at Danforth, was forced to curtail her activities in prospect of her own confinement, not far off.

A little of the time, Miss Kellogg was so utterly wretched that she had to be in bed, but for the most part she was up and working, and during the ten days which followed the onset of this sickness, she had three nights out on maternity cases. Apparently she was getting the better of her illness, but on the first of June there came a most strenuous day, with its morning oc-

cupations connected with the clinic, and the putting on of a plaster cast in the afternoon, which, without proper apparatus, was both lengthy and arduous. The case was one of incipient humpback, and required three hours of hard manual labor in order to adapt the cast properly. That evening she gave an examination in Chinese to some of her nurses, and was so wearied when she went to bed that it amounted to perfect exhaustion. In the middle of the night she had a severe chill, and by morning her temperature reached 104.6. Pneumonia had set in—and a very terrible, prolonged pneumonia it was—and (with the onset of pneumonia) the typhoid came back with redoubled severity.

The resources of the mission were at once put at her disposal. The two foreign nurses of the Water of Life Hospital, her devoted friends, went on duty, one by day and the other by night. A telegram was sent to her sister, Gertrude, head nurse in the mission hospital at Fenchow, and before long she arrived to help on her sister's case. The airiest room in the new doctor's residence was transformed into a sickroom, with a punkah (a large swinging fan suspended from the ceiling) constantly in motion.

Many people, both foreigners and Chinese, contributed their part in trying to save Miss Kellogg for her work and her many friends. The mission combined to do what they could to help. The foreign agents of the Standard Oil Company ran a special launch every day from their installation some four miles below the city up to the Kiukiang foreshore, in order that they might bring ice from their own ice house. Haste was necessary because it melted rapidly

in the great heat, but it provided ice cream and cool drinks for the afternoons. Miss Kellogg's Chinese cook did everything that he could think of and was so eager and anxious in his preparation of any food that she might be able to take.

The case presented a dilemma, for down on the plain the days brought an increase in the summer heat, and yet it did not seem possible to move her to the summit of the Kuling Mountains because she was constantly threatened with intestinal hemorrhage, which the jolting of the steep ascent would have been practically certain to bring on.

The most conspicuous feature of all these days was the wonderful beauty of character and Christian grace which was shown by Miss Kellogg all the way through. Though in the greatest distress both by day and by night, not only in pain, but with constant difficulty in breathing, she was the soul of patience, and continued to think of others as she always had done, trying to give as little trouble as possible—not that the helpers regarded it as trouble—and thanking every person who waited on her in the smallest service, in spite of their request that she would save herself even that exertion.

When all but unconscious, she never failed to thank the coolies who carried her bed out onto the lawn for the slightly cooler air of night out of doors, and then brought her back to her room in the morning. The large, stolid-looking coolie who had begun to appreciate things unseen through the efforts of Miss Kellogg, and who had figured in the relief effort for the flood refugees, undertook much of the monotonous work of

pulling the punkah rope, hour after hour, and this he did most gladly.

When at last it seemed reasonably safe to attempt to transfer her to the mountain resort, this was accomplished apparently without undue fatigue, but the physique that had stood up against this combined illness so long, could hold out no longer, and but two days remained before her home-going, in the early evening of July fourth.

The end came so suddenly that there was no time for farewells, and the only person to whom she bade farewell was her beloved Dr. Chen, who had accompanied her to the top of the mountain, but who had to return at once to Kiukiang. In taking leave of her, with what seems now to have been a premonition that she would never see her again, she said, "The Lord will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Only a very short time after Miss Kellogg left us, a nurse arrived from Kiukiang in answer to our appeal for more help. She was escorted by the large coolie, who had been so faithful in keeping the punkah going in the sickroom in Kiukiang. When this insensitive-appearing man heard of Miss Kellogg's death, as he stood in the lower hall of the Kuling Hospital, he went right down on the floor in a heap, back of the little table to weep there.

Dr. Chen and a dozen hospital nurses started at once on receiving the news, and traveled through the night up the mountain, arriving at dawn. The grief of these friends was pathetic to see, and her beloved doctor was almost prostrated with sorrow, and only longed to accompany her friend.

Somewhat later on, when the news of Miss Kellogg's death became generally known in Kiukiang, there was such an exhibition of feeling as would not be easy to parallel anywhere in China. The grounds of the Danforth Hospital face on the street, but on three sides they are surrounded by Chinese homes, some comfortable homes, and some just poor little mud huts. People in these houses on three sides of the hospital, rendered the unheard-of tribute to a foreigner, that they wept and wailed all night, in the way they do for their own relatives.

The afternoon sun shone upon the southern veranda of the mountain hospital, and on the group of foreigners and Chinese, who had gathered there in their endeavor to express both their sorrow in the loss of their friend, and the genuine esteem in which they held her.

The service, as she would have wished, was conducted in both English and Chinese, so that the numerous Chinese friends might realize the very great share they had held in her loving heart.

Two missionaries and three Chinese pastors shared in the conduct of the service, in which with especial appropriateness was sung the hymn, "For All Thy Saints Who From Their Labors Rest."

From the hospital, the procession of friends, mostly on foot, passed over one of the steep Kuling ridges, descending to where the mountain stream of the main

valley flows ceaselessly onward; and again the procession began an ascent up the slope to another summit beyond the stream, halting at last in a spot made sacred by the memory of many of Christ's ambassadors to China.

Miss Kellogg's grave lies at the southern boundary of this acre, and from it, one looks out over one of the most beautiful prospects to be seen in all of the great land of China. Immediately below, rise the lower peaks of the Kuling Range, with the foothills below them, descending to China's great central plain. Far as the eye can see are the stretches of living green of rice fields, and somewhat to the right one looks at a majestic curve of the mighty Yangtse River in its two thousand mile course from the snowcapped mountains of Tibet to the sea.

Appropriate it appeared to us that her resting place should be so high. As one stands looking off on so glorious a view, it seems as though all bitterness of heart and soul must be impossible. It is only by an effort of the mind one realizes that in the plain below are littleness and cares and jealousies and strife; but how far they have been left behind in that progress upward, to this spot where Heaven and earth meet.

A very simple service was held at the grave-side, and gradually the crowd of friends separated to go their ways. One person lingered behind. It was Miss Kellogg's Chinese cook, his slight figure looking so drooping and forlorn, as with careful fingers he gently rearranged the flowers that had been placed on the new-made grave.

No life of genuine self-forgetfulness and loving service for God fails to leave its impress, and many a friend and associate and co-laborer has received visions that will last on through the years. On the hospital, there has been an effect left, and an ideal of proficiency through Christian excellence, that will have a far-reaching influence.

The Chinese nurse who waited upon Miss Kellogg the most, during her last illness, and who had been promised a year of special training in graduate nursing at Peking's most distinguished hospital—a training which she greatly wanted and which, among other things, would have brought an increase in her salary —saw that Danforth Hospital was in need of faithful helpers to stand by at this juncture, and cheerfully gave up this privilege, to which she had been looking forward for a long time, in order that she might help to carry on.

Out of John's vision—those wonderful closing chapters of God's Word—there comes this note of triumph: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

LETTERS FROM MISS KELLOGG'S FRIENDS

Extracts from Letters from Co-workers

(These, and the following letter extracts, were almost all addressed to Miss Kellogg's mother.)

Our hearts have gone out to you these days in your great sorrow. We know that we "sorrow not as those who have no hope" and that is a comfort to us all.

Nora was much more than a co-worker to us. She was a real friend whom we dearly loved and we miss her very much. We treasure the memories of the happy times we have had together.

We have been glad to have the privilege of meeting Nora's sister. We are so glad that she could come and Nora was very happy about it too. It has been a very hard time for her, but she has been so courageous and brave through it all.

May the Lord comfort your heart and give you grace to bear this sorrow.

With loving sympathy,

Because you have been in Kiukiang and know us all and Danforth so well you understand, without our saying it, how sad we all feel because Nora has been called home. It seems as if any two of us could have been spared better than she. We miss her in her hospital work and for her own personality equally.

But what a beautiful record of Christian living, of sacrifice and of service she has left for us all—Chinese and missionaries alike.

Personally, I feel especially sad for I was in the hospital

with typhoid at the same time but recovered. If only we could have shared the severity of the illness a bit more equally, Nora would be with us today, but those things are beyond our control.

When Nora came to China you gave her to this land wholly, and now she has been called on to make the supreme sacrifice. You who have known God so long will not doubt His leading and planning in this. He who has taken will comfort and strengthen you.

With deepest sympathy,

It simply is not possible for me to express myself adequately in regard to your loved sister, Miss Kellogg, and the loneliness I feel with her gone, is too keen to permit of much. Her quiet, deep, steady, strong, unqualified devotion to Jesus Christ and that unspeakable satisfaction that we all knew she enjoyed in His Presence were a constant benediction to all of us, and to me very especially. I loved her the very first time I saw her in Kiukiang. I was there when she arrived and thanked God most gratefully for her coming for I knew as I looked into her face she would be just the one we needed for the work there to help Dr. Chen keep the spiritual first in consideration as well as to stay by. My gratitude has grown with the years and as I told your mother I cannot see through this dark cloud for we do need her so, not only in the medical work but from a spiritual standpoint most emphatically; however, Nora's God is my God and I know He will give us to see his glory appear in the thick darkness of the cloud. In the meantime we will keep on with whatever He gives us to do and do our best to see that that which she has begun shall grow.

Be sure that one of the results of her life among us has

been a new impulse, or a reconsecration of self to service, on the part of very many; and the invisible and eternal things of life have become more clear and more beautiful.

Letters from Officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

Our hearts have grieved over the death of your beloved daughter, Nora Kellogg. Missionaries in the homeland and those in China are writing letters telling of the wonderful service and the beautiful Christian spirit which Miss Kellogg showed in every way during her years of service in China.

It is difficult for them and for us to adjust ourselves to this sorrow and my heart has been torn by this vacancy which has been left. I have thought of you many times during these days of bereavement and shadow but I know that you have a Comforter to whom you may go and who will walk with us, Yea, through the valley and shadow of death.

With sincerest sympathy.

I want you to know how my heart goes out to you in love and sympathy. I remember Nora so well when she was home on her last furlough. At that time I had the Young People's Department and as one of our Standard Bearer Missionaries she was much in my thought. I know how dearly she was loved at Kiukiang, and something of the great work she was doing in building up the Nurses' Training School. The thought of the great service she has rendered the Master's cause means much to you now I am sure and the fact that you have been in China and know the scene of her labors is a great satisfaction. May the strength which our Heavenly Father alone can give be yours in richest measure.

Among those who answered inquiries concerning Nora E. Kellogg when she came to me as a candidate, was Dr. Brooks, who knew her family from her childhood, and said: "I can hardly trust myself to write because I am so fond of this rare Christian girl. In her family, so unusual in their ideal Christian life, she is the baby, and in some ways the rarest of them all. In a college church pastorate of eight years, I wrote endorsements for many young men and women, but none seemed to me so endowed and equipped, so clothed with Him and His gifts and graces as Nora Kellogg."

A teacher in Wheaton College wrote, "She is about the finest student I have ever had."

Another professor: "In all my acquaintance with young people, I know none more consecrated, none better fitted for His work."

Another: "Her scholarship was almost perfect!"

A college friend says: "She is without exception the most beautiful character I have ever known."

Still another testifies that "She *lives* and *walks* with Him. She will nurse the souls as well as the bodies, that is certain."

All my associations with Nora Kellogg during the period when she was a candidate, my fellowship with her on my visits to Kiukiang in 1922 and my observation of her life and work there sustained, and indeed augmented the high estimate I had made of her character, her personality and her ability.

As I came to know her better while she was on her first furlough, I became more and more impressed with the quality and power of her spiritual life. Miss Kellogg possessed that rare quality of life which I can describe in no other terms than *soul force.* I have heard her speak, both in public address and to a small executive group in

her modest quiet way when one felt that the Master Himself were there and were speaking. The effect upon her hearers was most profound.

Letters from Other Friends

When they wrote me from home about the home-going of our very dear Nora—my heart went flying to you with many thoughts of sympathy, and prayers for God's love, and comfort and sustaining strength to be yours. Knowing you, dear heart—and how deeply you love and trust Him—I know He has sustained you in this time of longing and sorrow.

When I heard about her illness and death, my memory went back quickly to the day she spoke to us, at our Missionary Meeting just before she went back to China after her last furlough. We all felt that day that she had received that Message direct from Heaven—and had passed it on to us—with her own rare, sweet spirit.

We have had many fine, inspiring missionary talks in our beloved "Upper room"—but to many of us that talk of Nora's stands out singly in our memories.

She was a real missionary, every inch of her, consecrated and devoted and full of zeal. How she will be missed on the field. We must pray for some one splendid to take her place.

In our hearts no one will take her place. And you, dear heart, have your oldest daughter and your youngest daughter in Heaven together seeing Him—and joining in His worship—Whom they loved here—and now see—and worship there.

You have been in my thoughts very often these latter days. I was grieved and shocked to hear of Nora's home-

going—for I had not heard that she was ill. I never will forget the address she gave at our Missionary Society when she was home on furlough. It was a thing of beauty, and yet so forceful and helpful.

. . . I need not point you to the God of all comfort and strength, for you know Him so well. Your life and example have been like a benediction to me, and I do want you to know that you have my love and sympathy at this time of separation, for it is hard to part with one so near and dear.

At this time when your heart is torn by the great sorrow which has come to you in the "home-going" of your precious daughter, Nora, I want you to know that my heart goes out to you in deepest sympathy.

It was during our year in Language School that I came to know and admire Nora. Although I belong to another mission and live in another province of China, there have been few summers in China that I have not seen her as I have spent all of them except one in Kuling. Too, I have heard of her work and from her through our mutual friend, Helen Ferris, one of Nora's co-workers in Kiukiang.

How these ten years of her life in China have counted! We all wonder how the work can go on without her. In her beautiful life of love to her Lord, love to the people to whom she came to minister, of utter unselfishness, and of untiring service, we truly have an example we might well follow. Although she is absent from us in the flesh, she yet speaketh. How we shall, and do miss her.

Your heart and our hearts are grieved in our loss and in the thought of her being taken in the prime of life, but I rejoice with you, dear Mrs. Kellogg, that we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

May the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort comfort your heart in this our sorrow.

With much love and heartfelt sympathy, I am

Sincerely yours,

May I, though a stranger, add my tribute to the memory of your beloved daughter, Nora?

I was a member of the little church where the Commission Service was held for her. Since then, whenever China and the missionary effort there was mentioned—it brought again the memory of that day and Miss Nora's serene face—lighted with a radiance that seemed like a transfiguration.

A most interesting letter to friends in this little church, written the year after she went out to China, eventually came to me.

I have treasured it greatly and often it has stimulated interest in the missionary cause where formerly it had been rather an indifferent subject (to people utter strangers to her).

Some time ago, a letter from my dear H. S. suggested the sending of this letter to you. Am so glad to do so, as I feel you are the logical one to possess it.

Much as it has always meant to me, it will mean more to you.

So with the prayer that it may comfort you a little, I venture to send it with my very sincere sympathy.

"I found this sweet poem for today's lesson, the verse, He touched her hand and the fever left her."—N. E. K.

So many a life is one long fever—
A fever of anxious suspense and care,
A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,
A fever of hurrying here and there.

It may be a fever of restless serving,
With hearts all thirsty for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in future days.

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still.
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure,
There is only rest as we choose His will.

Heir of a mighty King, heir to a throne,
Why art thou wandering sad and alone?
Heir to the love of God, heir to His grace,
Rise to thy privilege, claiming thy place.

Heir of a Conqueror, why dost thou fear?
Foes can not trouble thee when he is near;
Child of the promises, be not oppressed,
Claim what belongs to thee, find sweetest rest.

Heir of the King of Kings, never repine,
Talk not of poverty, riches are thine;
Heir of the Holy One, canst thou not see
Treasures unbounded are waiting for thee?

Heir by inheritance! Child of thy God!
Right to thy sonship is found in his word;
Walk with the noble ones, never alone:
Prince of the Royal Blood come to thy throne.

Heirs! We are joint heirs with Jesus our Lord!
Heirs of the covenant, found in His word!
Rise to thy privilege, heir to His grace!
Heir to the love of God, Rise, Claim thy place.

I do not know
What God has planned to come to me today;
I only know
That He has promised me to be my stay;
And that His hand has mapped out all the way
That I must go.

I do not know
The burden ere the night that I must bear,
'Tis better so;
Lest I should faint to see it waiting there,
I know He bids me cast on Him my care
His love to show.

I do not know
The road o'er which my feet must run the race,
But I do know
Though rough it be, though steep in many a place,
That He has said, "Sufficient is my grace,"
As on I go.

(Written inside the cover of her Gospel of John)

So long I have been guarded by Your power,
Up many a tangled path and stony hill,
And now, dear Lord, through this strange darkened hour,
Be with me still.

Be with me for the way is long and lonely,
I am bewildered and I can not see,
But, Lord, I shall not be afraid, if only
You walk with me.

If only I can some way keep recalling
The darkened roads I traveled in the past,
How, after You long guarded me from falling,
Light shone at last.

Then surely, Lord, I can go forward, knowing
That somewhere on the hills the light will dawn,
And I shall reach it safely, if in going
You still lead on.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand.
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

My Days

Thou hast beset me before, and my shrouded Tomorrows
Wait in Thy keeping, like angels in gray or in gold,
Till Thou sendest them forth to me, fair with the light of Thy presence
And glad with its joy, as the gates of the morning unfold.
Never a fear need I have of the gifts they are bringing,
Never a dread of the gloom or the glory they hold.

Thou hast beset me behind, and my Yesterdays pass from my using
Into Thy keeping, as treasures in lavender laid;
Never a fear need I have of their backward thrown shadows,
Never a dread lest they haunt me and make me afraid.
Thou hast forgiven the sin and forgotten the sinning,
Thou wilt remember the good in the prayers that I prayed.

Thou hast encompassed my path, and today Thou art with me,
Thou art the Way that I walk, and the Light on that Way;
Thine is the hand that is holding and leading and trying,
Thine is the voice that is bidding me haste or delay;
Who else but Thou, who seest my past and my future,
Who else can know how my steps should be ordered today?

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